THE SURVEY

GRAPHIC NUMBER

THE YEAR OF THE QUARTER CENTURY

Hendrik Willem Van Loon

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Steinmetz

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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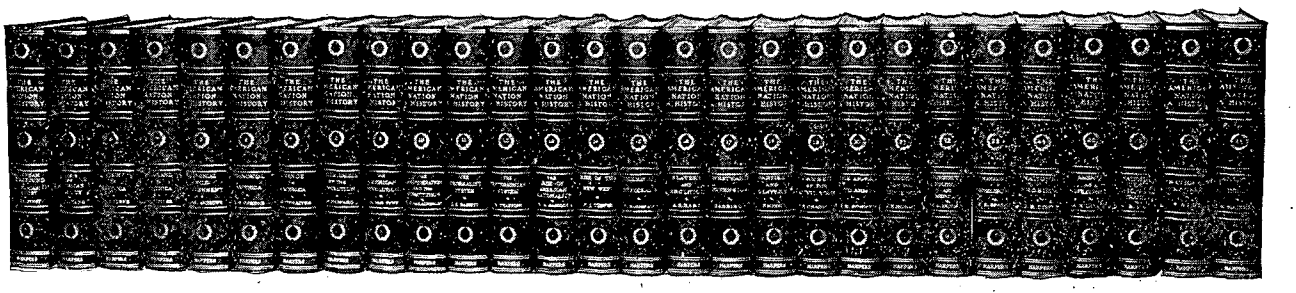

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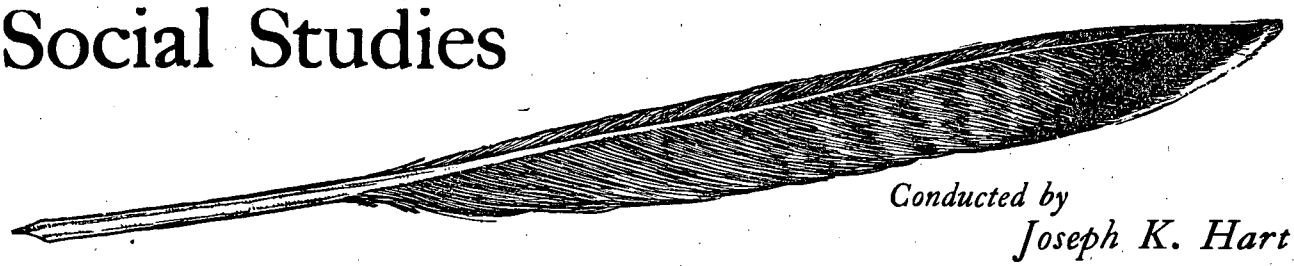
Social Studies



Conducted by
Joseph K. Hart

Life Is Sometimes One Thing Before Another

THE "fates" nod, and the lives of the people of a rural county become the scientific concern of the most competent men for a period of years. Why? The answer is closely allied to the old doctrine of "free grace." Maybe it's because the city wants to make up for the many years in which Cattaraugus County was regarded as the place where all the "hayseeds" came from. Who can tell? Life's like that, sometimes. There's a good deal to the old religious doctrines—in spite of the decision of the younger philosophers to "cut them off with a jitney."

The "fates" nod again, and the children of Georgia—within certain ages—go back to work in the mills, while children of the same ages in Massachusetts keep on going to school—or fishing. Why? Well, Massachusetts, professing to believe in the doctrine of centralization of governmental authority, hesitates to impose that doctrine upon states that hold other doctrines. But Georgia, holding another doctrine, fails not to live up to it. Or, maybe, neither state believes either doctrine. Life's like that sometimes. Maybe both states believe that the traffic should take all it can and will bear. Certainly some of the business associations in both states cling cheerfully to that not altogether cheering doctrine.

We seem to be pulling in plenty of opposing directions. Which is the more important—a theatre or a church? That, probably, is an enemy alien question, and ought to be deported. It certainly is an alien, and probably is trying to get into the country outside the quota. Which is the more important in a factory—a manager or a psychiatrist? Another suspicious question: away with it! Managers have been there from time immemorial—and they will probably be there long after psychiatry is forgotten. And then again, probably they will not be. Let's wait and see!

Who would give up the infinite variety of the world that plays through our streets and news? How shall we distinguish between "education" and "propaganda"? What effect does the passing of a law have upon the people who do not know that it was even being considered? How are we all going to live and do our work unless some of the poor people will consent to become servants, once more? What a world!

And then—the books! As if life were not complicated enough already, somebody has to go and write a book about it and make it still more confusing. True, that makes it necessary for some one else to write another—in order to clear up the confusion. If he only could! But, he can't! He merely adds to the confusion. But that helps some. When the thing gets confused enough we shall all get together and have a grand clearing-up party. Here are some preliminary suggestions along that line:

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A New Year Message

by Chas. V. Vickrey

General Secretary of the Near East Relief

NEARLY twice a thousand years have been counted by generations of mankind, since that morning when the shepherds on the hills by Bethlehem heard the angels singing "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Nearly twice a thousand years, and still among men there is cruelty, murder, and war. Who—with the song of the herald angels in his heart—can look at the world around us without hearing that cry on Golgotha, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

There are men, indeed, who say that the world grows no better, that human life will never be nobler than it is.

Such men are wrong.

Changes come slowly. But it is not only the eye of faith that sees humanity growing nearer to the spirit of Christ's teaching. It is an unfortunate American who, safe and happy in his own home today, does not see beyond the happiness of his own children the happiness he has helped to give to fifty thousand other little children on the other side of the world. We might have closed our minds and hearts to the agonies and death of those little children of the Near East; their cries were too far away to disturb our music or our laughter. But we did not.

We gave—and are still giving—sympathy and help to those children that most of us will never see. In our giving, we have built more greatly than we knew. We have begun a new thing in international affairs; we have created that great organization, the Near East Relief, which represents Christianity in the councils of nations. The spirit of Christ's teaching is alive today in the Near East as it has not been since the skies darkened over Golgotha, because it is a living force among us, here in America.

Knowing what this spirit means in the Near East today, we know that a love greater than creeds—as it was greater than all the creeds it embraced when He walked among men—is still working through mankind, with ever-increasing power. As never before, millions of human beings are feeling something of the spirit of brotherly love which Christ taught to men.

The Near East Relief has a significance in the field of philanthropy, national and international, which commands the interest and attention of every socially minded person in America. Have you followed the recent history of this great charity? If not, see that your name is put on the special "professional" mailing list.

Near East Relief
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You may send me your current literature regarding the work of Near East Relief, and put my name on the special mailing list of Survey readers.

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Harlem

Mecca of the New Negro

"A *RAILROAD ticket and a suitcase, like a magic carpet, have transported the Negro peasant from the cotton-field and farm to the heart of our most complex urban civilization. Here the large majority survives a jump of two generations in social economy and of a century or more in civilization. Meanwhile the Negro poet, student, or artist, by the very move that normally would take him off at a tangent from the masses finds himself in a situation heightening his race-consciousness and concentrating the racial side of his experience. Indeed these moving, half-awakened masses provide the possible seed-bed for a remarkable development in interaction with the advanced and enlightened minority. And that is why statistics are out, and will be, for a generation or so. We have possibly to deal with the renaissance of a people—but that is for the reader to judge after the progressive spirit of contemporary Negro life has been set before him.*"

—From the foreword Alain Locke has written for the special HARLEM NUMBER of Survey Graphic for March.

EACH year Survey Graphic has brought out a special racial number. Each has been made up of a sheaf of articles by leaders of the race portrayed; each has drawn largely on the graphic arts. In text and pictures we have sought to make articulate the aspirations and social statescraft of a people: and there has been nothing which Survey Associates has ever done which has won such warm and widespread appreciation.

There was our number on "What Would the Irish Do With Ireland?" brought out the week the Irish Free State was made possible by the British-Sinn Fein agreement. A. E., James Stephens, Sir Horace Plunkett and other outstanding Irishmen forecast the new epoch from its threshold.

There was our "Russia: Dreams and Realities" with its articles by Mme. Lenin, Lunacharsky, and the rest, gathered for us, like the Irish number, by Savel Zimand.

There was last May our Mexican number, brought out the month an American ambassador was credited to Mexico and at the close of last winter's civil strife which cemented the gains of ten years of revolution. Calles, Gamio, Vasconcelos, Carrillo, Diego Rivera were some of those enlisted for this issue by Frank Tannenbaum.

IN 1925 our special racial number falls within the borders of these United States. Its background is not a centuries' old struggle for freedom; nor yet that of political revolution. Its background is not even our Civil War of three score years ago and its familiar aftermath of problems. Rather its background is the northward migration of Negroes which has come to its crest in the last decade; which has created new community problems in a hundred cities north of Mason and Dixon's line; which has in New York brought into being the greatest Negro community in the history of the world; without counterpart in the South, or in Africa, ancient or modern. But what we are witnessing is something more than a geographical shift and a new economic opportunity. In a new environment a race is expressing itself in new ways. Writers, poets, artists, professional men, social workers, express a social and cultural ferment which is as interesting in its way as the resurgence of Celtic Ireland or the revival of native culture in Mexico.

HARLEM will be the setting of this number, and the editors have been fortunate in enlisting the collaboration throughout of Dr. Alain Locke, professor of philosophy at Howard University, Washington, D. C., who is intimately in touch not only with the cultural developments which afford this new approach to contemporary Negro life, but to springs of racial self-reliance and self-expression which make it a great transforming human experience. White scientists, artists and investigators will also contribute to the issue.

Among the contributors will be:

Albert C. Barnes	Alain Locke
Konrad Bercovici	Elise McDougald
W. D. Domingo	Claude McKay
H. E. Burghhardt DuBois	Langston Hughes
Rudolf Fisher	Countee Cullen
Eric Walrond	Jean Toomer
George E. Haynes	Dean Kelly Miller
Melville T. Herskowits	Winold Reiss
Charles S. Johnson	J. A. Rogers
James Weldon Johnson	Arthur A. Schomberg
Winthrop D. Lane	Walter F. White

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THE SURVEY

Graphic Number

Vol. LIII, No. 7 January 1, 1925

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The Gist of It

AFTER Massachusetts had voted to disapprove the Twentieth Amendment, someone remarked that the child labor movement had beaten its old opponents but would have to fight harder than ever to cope with its new ones. Whether the first part of the analysis is true or not—and the oldest opponents of all, the organized manufacturers, were much in evidence in Massachusetts—it is certainly true that the proposed amendment has drawn new lines and made strange bedfellows (p. 379). Mr. Chenery has just become associate editor of Collier's. Since handling industrial subjects for The Survey in 1920 and 1921 he has been on the editorial staff of the New York Globe, and one of the leading writers of the New York Times. We turned to him as an experienced newspaper man to make a detached appraisal of the new child labor line-up.

IF you did all the things you knew ought to be done for public health in a rural country, what would be the result? That, stated broadly, is the motif of the Cattaraugus County Demonstration, though there are so many difficulties in the way that a 100 per cent application of known fact is far too much to hope for. Mary Ross, associate editor of The Survey in the department of health, visited the county to study the demonstration at close range, and writes her impressions on p. 387.

FRANK TANNENBAUM, rover that he is, saw his first A. F. of L. convention last month. Fresh from the emotion that rocked the hall at El Paso, he set down the picture of Samuel Gompers at his last convention, and of the men who loved him. The Survey will have more to say of Mr. Gompers' leadership and the springs of his power in a later issue: here (p. 391) we let the story tell itself through Mr. Tannenbaum's vivid reporting.

THE best time to deal with sick personalities is before they get sick. Psychiatrists have accepted enthusiastically the oportunity which childhood offers for straightening the kinks that—left unstraightened—might twist the adult personality. A few students of personality have seen the opening which the college study of psychology gives for a similar, if less intensive, service. Donald Laird is one, and writes of his experience on p. 405. He is now associate professor of psychology at Colgate University, after teaching in Dubuque, Iowa, and Wyoming, and holding a research fellowship at Yale.

IN Survey Graphic for November Ethel Kawin asked, in Blind Alleys, some seaching questions as to the significance and future of vocational guidance. Here (p. 411) she offers some answers to those questions. In a later issue of The Survey other workers in this and kindred fields will discuss her suggestions.

IN its ten years of vigorous dramatic history the Neighborhood Playhouse has been building new meanings for both parts of its name—for it has neighbored with the creative artists of a half a dozen centuries and as many different lands, and it has made play of the folk memories and racial fantasies of the polyglot East Side. Mrs. Darnton writes of it (p. 395) with keen sympathy, and from the background of years of observation of the stage in New York, chiefly as dramatic editor of the late *Call,* and incidentally as president for many terms of the Women's University Club.

I WENT to Vassar College," Miss Chater tells us when we press her for gossip about herself, "and have done a good deal of work among children in schools in New York City. I spent last year in the Near East travelling, and taking great interest in the extraordinarily good work of the Near East Relief. Visiting Macedonia on the way home, I was so horrified by what I saw that I joined Miss Aletheia Pattison of Cincinnati, who happened to have come down to Macedonia from Poland where we had been with the Junior Red Cross, and she opened a school for 250 refugee children in a particularly desolate camp near Salonika. We ran it ourselves for seven months and then turned it over to Save the Children, which we joined. Miss Pattison is still in Salonika carrying on and possibly enlarging this work for the S. C. F. and I hope to return." In the meantime, however, Miss Chater has written down her eye-witness impressions of the exchange of population in Macedonia, which we are happy to publish just as the international loan for the settlement of the Greek refugees who form the major part of this migration has been consummated (p. 402).

GWENDOLEN HASTE'S poem on p. 394 harks back to the early trade on the Pacific which flourished about the harbors where now Seattle and Portland stand. Miss Haste, a newcomer in The Survey's pages, won The Nation's poetry prize in 1922, and is a member this year of The Survey's office family.

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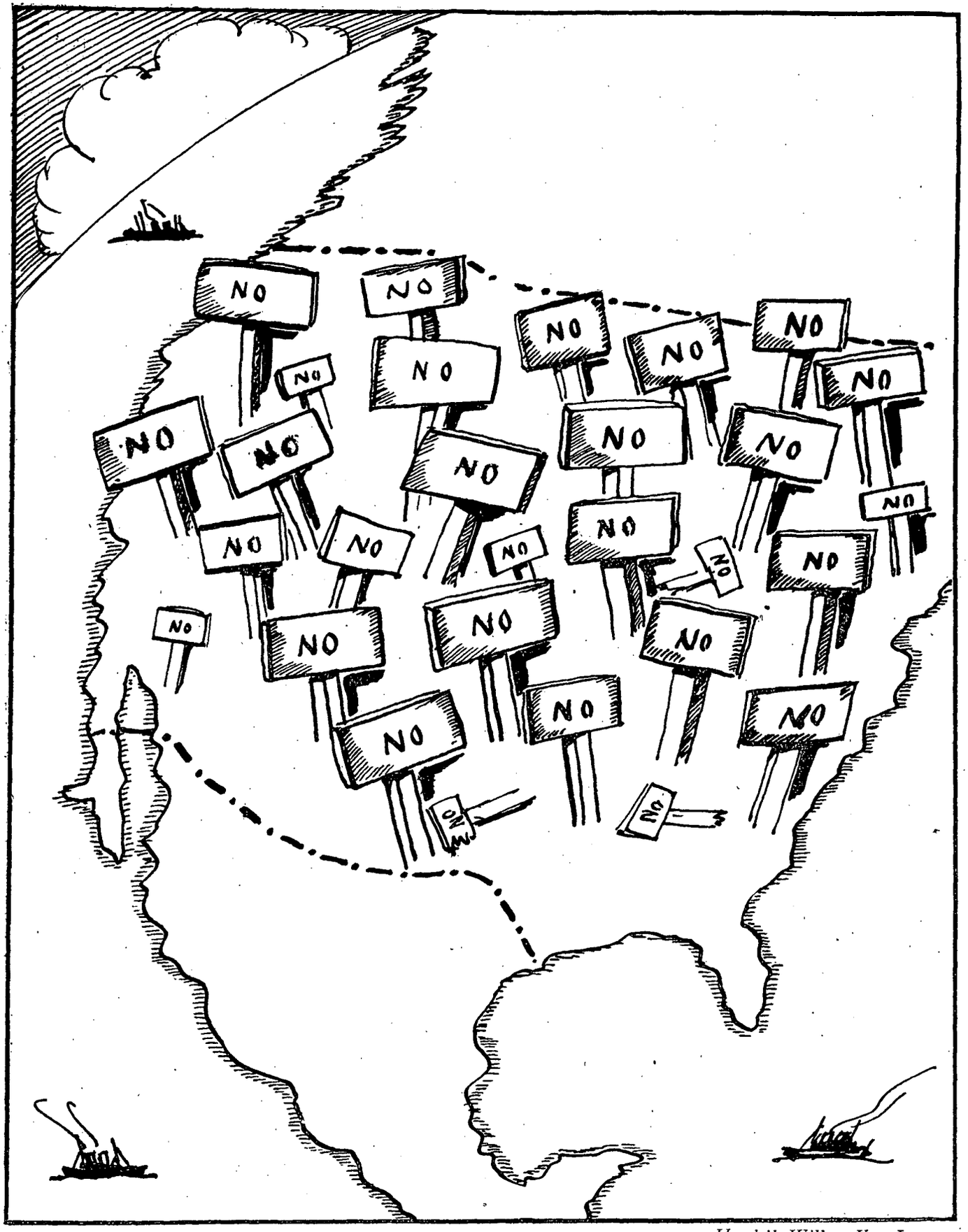

Hendrik Willem Van Loon

A GOOD SIGN—BUT A POOR FENCE

Gaps between the state laws prohibiting child labor
let too many children through

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THE SURVEY
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JANUARY 1, 1925

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Child Labor—The New Alignment

By WILLIAM L. CHENERY

WAR propaganda is a potent weapon now being used to frustrate the ratification of the Federal Child Labor Amendment.

The opposition to giving Congress power to deal with child labor is, of course, not limited to those who are attempting to tar its proponents with the stick of bolshevism. The principal opposition is still to be found in the well organized associations of manufacturers who have traditionally fought laws regulating the employment of children whether these laws were being sought from state legislatures or Congress. A new group has also come into the present campaign, a body of independents, whose hostility to the Twentieth Amendment is kindred to the familiar doctrine of states' rights. The enactment of the Volstead law following the adoption of the prohibition amendment has engendered a wide-spread distaste for federal interference. The farmers, too, who have hitherto been immune from child labor laws, are beginning to look askance at the possibility of national regulation. War time interference with business and private affairs has left many people cold to any extension of national control.

The great difference, however, between the debate over the proposed Twentieth Amendment and the earlier child labor laws adopted by the Congress and by the state legislatures is to be found in the amazing growth of what is literally a "hang-over" from the orgy of post-war propaganda. Thus the national protection of American children from harmful industrial processes is being identified by some of its opponents with alleged Russian plans for the nationalization of youth.

This is a new and significant development in the century-old campaign to protect children from the devastating effects of premature labor. Until Congress passed the resolution last June submitting the proposed Twentieth Amendment to the forty-eight states for approval, the legal protection of children had been an issue debated largely on its merits. Within the last six months the realities of the question have been ignored by many of the opponents of child labor legislation and the argument has been confused by the injection of the question of communism and of other such topics no closer related to welfare legislation than to the Einstein theory. But for the habit of propaganda acquired during the World War it is hardly conceivable that any group of Americans would have had the effrontery so completely to misrepresent the realities of what is actually a very simple question.

For at least one hundred years the employment of young children in industry has troubled good American citizens. Before the industrial revolution children worked with their elders in the home, on the farm and in the shops. Education for life was obtained in this fashion and the great majority were taught only a little reading, writing and figuring in the schools, when indeed they had any opportunity to go to school at all. The introduction of factories created the child labor issue. A generation which had been accustomed to see its children employed alongside their parents in the performance of the various tasks essential to maintaining a home did not at first perceive the revolutionary effects of the introduction of steam power and of machines. Soon, however, the more intelligent members of industrial communities observed the stunting consequences of factory employment upon little children and ninety-five years ago a joint committee of the Massachusetts legislature recommended the enactment of the first child labor law in this country.

It is significant to recall that the manufacturers of Massachusetts were strong enough in 1825 to prevent the passage of this law just as they in the recent November elections negatived the advisory referendum on the ratification of the child labor amendment. Cumulatively since that year, however, the demand for child labor legislation has been insistent. A half century passed before any considerable progress was made. Even after the civil war children as young as seven years were regularly employed in textile factories. Throughout these generations the practical question has been one and the same. It has been primarily the issue of safeguarding the development of young people so that they might develop normally into citizens capable of carrying on the burdens of this republic. At no time has

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any attempt been made to prevent children from working with their parents at non-industrial tasks. Sweat-shops have been attacked and a few agricultural processes which have been industrialized have been regulated. The onion fields of Ohio and the large scale production of sugar beets have been brought within the supervision of the child labor laws of certain states. But in its practical application the child labor issue has been and still is the question whether or not the managers of large scale industry or sweat-shops, for small establishments have often been the worse offenders, shall be allowed to make use of the cheap labor of children.

Much desirable legislation has been enacted by the states. Finally recourse was had to federal legislation and in 1916 the first national child labor law was passed. The demand for a national statute arose, as the Senate Judiciary Committee pointed out last summer, out of realization of the need for uniform minimum protective legislation. The same growth of national consciousness which in another generation had led the people of the United States to refuse longer to sanction slavery in certain states and in this age to substitute federal action for state laws against alcoholic drinking and for woman suffrage explained the desire to put an end to injurious child labor throughout the country.

The first Federal Child Labor Act forbade the shipment in interstate commerce of the products of mines and quarries in which children under sixteen years old were employed. Commodities made in factories and shops which employed children under fourteen years old, or which employed children between fourteen and sixteen more than eight hours a day or at night, were also denied shipment between states. On June 3, 1918, the United States Supreme Court decided that the power of Congress over interstate commerce did not afford a sufficient basis for this Act and the statute was declared unconstitutional.

A second child labor law based on the taxing power was passed on February 24, 1919. This imposed a tax of 10 per cent on the products of establishments which employed children of the ages specified in the earlier law. On May 15, 1922, the Supreme Court held that this second act was beyond the scope of the powers delegated by the Constitution to Congress and it was accordingly annulled. Then the agitation for a constitutional amendment arose and two years later the proposed Twentieth Amendment was passed by a Republican Congress at the behest of a Republican President and with the approval of the leaders of all the three political parties which contested the subsequent presidential election. The essential paragraphs of the proposed amendment are as follow:

> Section 1. The Congress shall have power to limit, regulate and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age.
>
> Section 2. The power of the several states is unimpaired by this article, except that the operation of state laws shall be suspended to the extent necessary to give effect to legislation enacted by the Congress.

This amendement is merely a grant of power. Under its terms a Congress would be at liberty to enact various child labor laws as the need might arise. It is in no sense legislation. It prohibits nothing. Every state has greater power. States may pass and some of them have passed laws controlling the employment of minors under twenty-one years of age. Other states have made little use of their inherent power to regulate child labor. The ratification of the federal amendment would accordingly give the Congress less power than the states already possess. The opposition has been carried on for the most part by those who either were at no trouble to inform themselves concerning the realities of the question or else for ulterior purposes preferred to draw a red herring across the trail of rational discussion.

The important advocates of the child labor amendment are social workers, labor unions, organized teachers and women and a number of civic bodies. The leading opponents when the issue was before Congress were prominent industrial associations. James A. Emery, general counsel for the National Association of Manufacturers, is the author of an elaborate brief against it and they have been supported by the American Farm Bureau Federation and other agricultural groups. This industrial alignment was to have been expected and it is a perfectly fair array. From the very beginning of the struggle nearly a century ago manufacturers, in spite of notable exceptions among individuals and organized groups, have been the chief opponents of laws designed to protect children from industrial employment while social workers, union leaders, teachers and reformers have been their proponents. Farmers hitherto have been aloof because their interests were not affected.

THREE days before the Senate approved the amendment, however, Senator Thomas F. Bayard of Delaware introduced in behalf of the Woman Patriot Publishing Company a long document injecting the issue of Russian communism into this question, which had been characteristically American since in 1818 a governor of Rhode Island made the first recorded protest against the premature employment of children in factories. The Senate evidently did not attach much importance to this hysterical statement since on June 2 by a vote of 61 to 23 it registered its approval of the proposed amendment. It is interesting to note in this connection that such orthodox conservatives as Senator Charles Curtis, the present Republican leader in the Senate; Senator James E. Watson of Indiana, the Republican whip; the late Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, majority leader of the Senate at the time; Senator George Wharton Pepper of Pennsylvania, Senator William B. McKinley of Illinois and Senator Albert B. Cummins of Iowa were among those who voted in favor of the child labor amendment. There was not a bolshevist among them!

The paper sponsored by Senator Bayard, however, was replete with charges of communism, bolshevism, the nationalization of children and many other wild terrors which have been much discussed since the amendment has been sent to the states for consideration.

Because of this it is important to examine some of the arguments adduced by the Woman Patriot Publishing Company against the amendment. Here is a choice tidbit:

> This benign looking amendment—drawn and promoted chiefly by an American Socialist leader (Mrs. Florence Kelley, translator of Karl Marx and friend of Friederich Engels who instructed her how to introduce socialism "into the flesh and blood" of Americans) is a straight Socialist measure. It is also promoted under direct orders from Moscow.
>
> The spearhead of the communist campaign in the United States is the joint promotion of two congressional measures—of the amendment to prohibit the labor of all youth, making government financial support (doles for children) a necessity and of the Sterling-Reed federal education bill, engineered by the self same group to obtain central control of the minds of American youth to destroy their love of country and willingness

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to defend her by means of doctored text-books prepared in the interlocked interest of socialism, pacifism, internationalism and bureaucracy. . . .

The youth of the country cannot be placed under the guardianship of the pacifist, internationalist Federal Children's Bureau without endangering America's future means of national defense.

These amazing allegations, ludicrously untrue, were swept aside by hard-headed senators whose attention was directed to the practical politics of the issue. Months later they were revived in the Massachusetts referendum and were made the basis of a wide campaign of newspaper publicity. Former Mayor James M. Curley of Boston, who made a spectacular change of front on the federal amendment, justified his final opposition by his discovery of these allegations. As they were translated into "journalese" these fantasies of the women patriots became even more virulent. Mrs. Florence Kelley was made the chief butt of the newspaper attacks and it was insinuated that she was a Russian immigrant in disguise.

It would be a salutary influence in public discussion if some of the social workers who have been libeled during the last six or seven years of post-war propaganda were to bring their traducers into court. A libel suit is a sobering influence and not many are needed to induce a proper respect for the rights of others. Certainly the late President Roosevelt put an end to the unwarranted charge that he was addicted to the excessive use of alcohol by his suit against a careless editor. The debate concerning the federal child labor amendment might very well be reduced to the level of reality if those who have circulated untrue statements about the advocates of the proposed grant of power were held legally accountable for their acts. Whether or not this is undertaken by the individuals affected, the facts concerning Mrs. Kelley are significant since she has been so wantonly attacked.

Mrs. Kelley is undoubtedly one of the leading advocates of the federal child labor amendment. For more than forty years she has been conspicuous among those who have campaigned in behalf of the legal protection of women and children. When she was a little child, her father, Congressman William Darrah Kelley of Philadelphia, called "Pig-Iron" Kelley, put into her hands a book portraying the life of little English children who were employed in the brick yards. When she was twelve, he took her to a glass factory near Pittsburgh where she might see with her own eyes the conditions under which children in Pennsylvania were then employed. After being kept in bed twenty-four hours to prepare for the ordeal, she saw there at midnight little children no older than herself moving about in the murk of the large room lighted only by the fires of the blowers' furnaces. The children, carrying trays of bottles, were sometimes burned by the hot glass or cut by the broken fragments. Congressman Kelley, stout protectionist Republican that he was, believed that not until the cherished children of the land were solicitous concerning the plight of the less fortunate would there be any possibility of adequate reform.

The little girl of twelve who got her first glimpse of industrial conditions that night more than a half century ago is now a grandmother, but in all the long years since her father, himself the grandson of an officer in the American revolution, first sought to awaken her interest in the children of the poor, her spirit never flagged. Mrs. Florence Kelley is a reformer true enough. Her husband, long since deceased, was a Russian physician who practiced in New York in the nineties. But the springs of her activity go back on her father's side to the struggle of 1776 and on her mother's to the Quaker teachings brought to this country when William Penn made peace with the Indians in what is now Pennsylvania. The document signed in William Penn's own handwriting deeding 1365 acres of land near the present site of Philadelphia to Mary Pennington, her first ancestor in this country, is still a valued possession of this American woman who because of her work in behalf of the children of her own country has been denounced as the agent of the communist group in Russia. As a matter of history Mrs. Kelley neither reads nor speaks Russian, has not been further east than Prague since 1879, and has never been in Russia.

The attacks on Grace Abbott, chief of the Federal Children's Bureau, have been as maliciously untrue. Miss Abbott is the daughter of a Republican judge. Her family pioneered across the prairies and settled in Nebraska. She comes of abolitionist stock and the fervor which her grandparents displayed in the agitation against slavery, she has shown in later campaigns to make social justice a reality in the United States. Yet these women and other leaders, including Owen R. Lovejoy, secretary of the National Child Labor Committee, are denounced as bolshevists by those who have sought to make use of the slumbering fires of war propaganda in the effort to destroy an attempt to safeguard American children from the devastating consequences of too early employment in harmful processes.

MISREPRESENTATION has been extended to the amendment as well as to those advocating it. It is said and widely believed that the adoption of the amendment would immediately result in the prohibition of all employment of all children under 18 years of age. It is asserted that children would no longer be allowed to work

Here is Where the Battle for the Child Labor Amendment Will Be Fought in 1925

In the following states, regular sessions of the legislature will begin on the dates indicated.

Arizona	January	9	New Hampshire	January	3
*Arkansas	January	8	New Jersey	January	9
California	January	8	New Mexico	January	9
Colorado	January	3	New York	January	3
Connecticut	January	3	†North Carolina	January	3
Delaware	January	2	North Dakota	January	2
Florida	April	3	Ohio	January	1
†Georgia	June	27	Oklahoma	January	2
Idaho	January	8	Oregon	January	8
Illinois	January	3	Pennsylvania	January	2
Indiana	January	4	Rhode Island	January	2
Iowa	January	8	South Carolina	January	9
Kansas	January	9	South Dakota	January	9
Maine	January	3	Tennessee	January	1
Massachusetts	January	3	Texas	January	9
Michigan	January	3	Utah	January	8
Minnesota	January	2	Vermont	January	3
Missouri	January	3	Washington	January	3
Montana	January	1	West Virginia	January	9
Nebraska	January	2	Wisconsin	January	10
Nevada	January	15	Wyoming	January	9

* *Has already acted favorably on the amendment.*
† *Has already acted unfavorably on the amendment.*

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with their parents in their homes or on the farms. There is not one iota of truth in these allegations. The federal statutes which were declared unconstitutional attempted to stop the employment of children under fourteen in factories and of children under sixteen in mines and quarries. All child labor laws are directed at specific abuses; this is true of state legislation as well as of the federal acts disallowed by the Supreme Court.

At the present time the laws of numerous states prohibit certain kinds of employments held to be dangerous to the health or morals of minors. The laws of thirteen states, for example, forbid minors under twenty-one from acting as messengers at night. It was widely believed that such employment endangered the morals of young people. Twenty-three states forbid night messenger service to minors under eighteen years. Many similar laws are in existence. They are all directed at specific conditions deemed by the legislatures to be wrong. The history of child labor legislation records this process. First a state of affairs considered dangerous to the health or to the moral development of young people is discovered. Then—years later, in most cases—legislative bodies are induced to act. The experienced opponents of child labor legislation who have something at stake in continuing to utilize the cheap labor of children are not deceived. They know just what to expect.

There is, for example, the publication Ceramic Industry, devoted to the interests of those who manufacture glass, enamel whiteware, refractory and allied products. The November issue carried a page editorial entitled Crush the Twentieth Amendment. In part, it said:

> The amendment attacks one of the greatest institutions of our land, that of industrial liberty. It affects ceramic manufacturers so vitally because of the vast number of youthful persons employed....
>
> Boys are employed to do a considerable amount of work and to learn the trade in ceramic plants. If older men were to do this work the cost of production would undoubtedly mount because of the higher wages that it would be necessary to pay....
>
> It is safe to say that the pottery industry would be forced to dismiss close to 40 per cent of its labor should this amendment pass....
>
> Industry is already feeling the effects of immigration restrictions. To place this proposed amendment in force would simply aggravate a situation that is already difficult for manufacturers to meet.

This is a clear and definite opposition. The journalistic representative of the ceramic industry exaggerated the effect the passage of the Twentieth Amendment would have upon that industry. The previous federal child labor laws certainly had no such disruptive consequences as this trade paper now professes to fear. Congress and the legislatures are accustomed to consider the probable results of proposed laws upon specific industries and if the ceramic industry does depend for its prosperity upon the labor of young people Congress and the legislatures would undoubtedly take that fact into consideration. The desirability of protecting minors against the effects of some dangerous process might outweigh with the law-making body the appeal of the manufacturers for cheap labor. Still the entire history of legislation in America gives assurance that the question would be carefully considered. Certainly the ceramic industry, which was able to obtain duties ranging as high as 60 per cent in the Fordney-McCumber tariff, is not without skill in dealing with Congress.

Unfortunately for the country these natural and logical objectors to child labor legislation have for the time being received the adventitious aid of those who are carrying on the propaganda rendered familiar during the post-war years. In the opposition are also a number of lawyers, such as Senator William E. Borah, who are genuinely opposed on legal grounds to any growth of the federal power. There are others who have solicitude for the plight of children employed at tasks beyond their undeveloped strength, but who prefer the slower and more localized processes of state legislation. Typical of this group is Joseph Lee, president of the Playground and Recreation Association. In a letter to the Boston Transcript, Mr. Lee set forth his view in part as follows:

> I am opposed to the Child Labor Amendment because I am and always have been in favor of the regulation of child labor and because I believe that national legislation upon the subject will in the end largely supercede legislation by the several states while itself necessarily lacking in that local support and that adaptation to local conditions upon which the effectiveness of all such measures must depend.
>
> Child labor, as both the supporters and opponents of the amendment are agreed, is primarily an educational undertaking. It cannot be successfully carried out except in close cooperation with the public school and with the home. To exclude a child from work without at the same time providing him with a school is to decree that he shall grow up in enforced idleness, a prey to evil influence. To determine the sort of schooling that shall be provided, moreover, and the ages at which it shall be provided for different kinds of children is far from being a simple matter. Some children, for instance can get very little benefit from schooling after their fourteenth year and none at all unless they have the experience of actual work. For others the limit is fifteen years, for others, sixteen, for others, twenty, twenty-two or twenty-seven. For some the best kind of education outside of the home is through that form of part time schooling in which two boys occupy one work bench in the factory and one seat in the school, changing positions like Box and Cox at the beginning of each month....The working out of such a system is an intricate piece of business, its successful development depending on local conditions....
>
> Under the proposed amendment Congress would indeed have the power to decree what sort of schooling should be provided in the several states to fit in with the labor legislation it might adopt. But no constitutional amendment can give Congress power of understanding local conditions and of carrying local opinion along with it, nor the power of adapting its legislation to particular conditions obtaining in that state....The purpose of this amendment is to enforce child labor legislation upon states who do not want it now and it is not certain that they will be eager when a law is thus enforced upon them to extend their educational system to correspond....
>
> Without national legislation our laws regulating child labor in the several states have rapidly advanced. They will continue to do so if this amendment is not passed and they will in that case retain the advantage of being effectively enforced. This amendment tends to dry up at their source the springs of public opinion from which in the long run all progressive legislation must spring.

The New York World which hitherto has all but advocated nullification of the prohibition amendment assumes much the same position as Mr. Lee. As a traditional protagonist of states' rights The World has opposed the Child Labor Amendment, preferring to await the processes of state legislation. It is but fair to state, however, that this conspicuous paper is, also like Mr. Lee, a sincere supporter of the local regulation of child labor.

It is interesting to note in connection with Mr. Lee's argument that none of the evils he fears were realized when the first federal child labor law (*Continued on page* 425)

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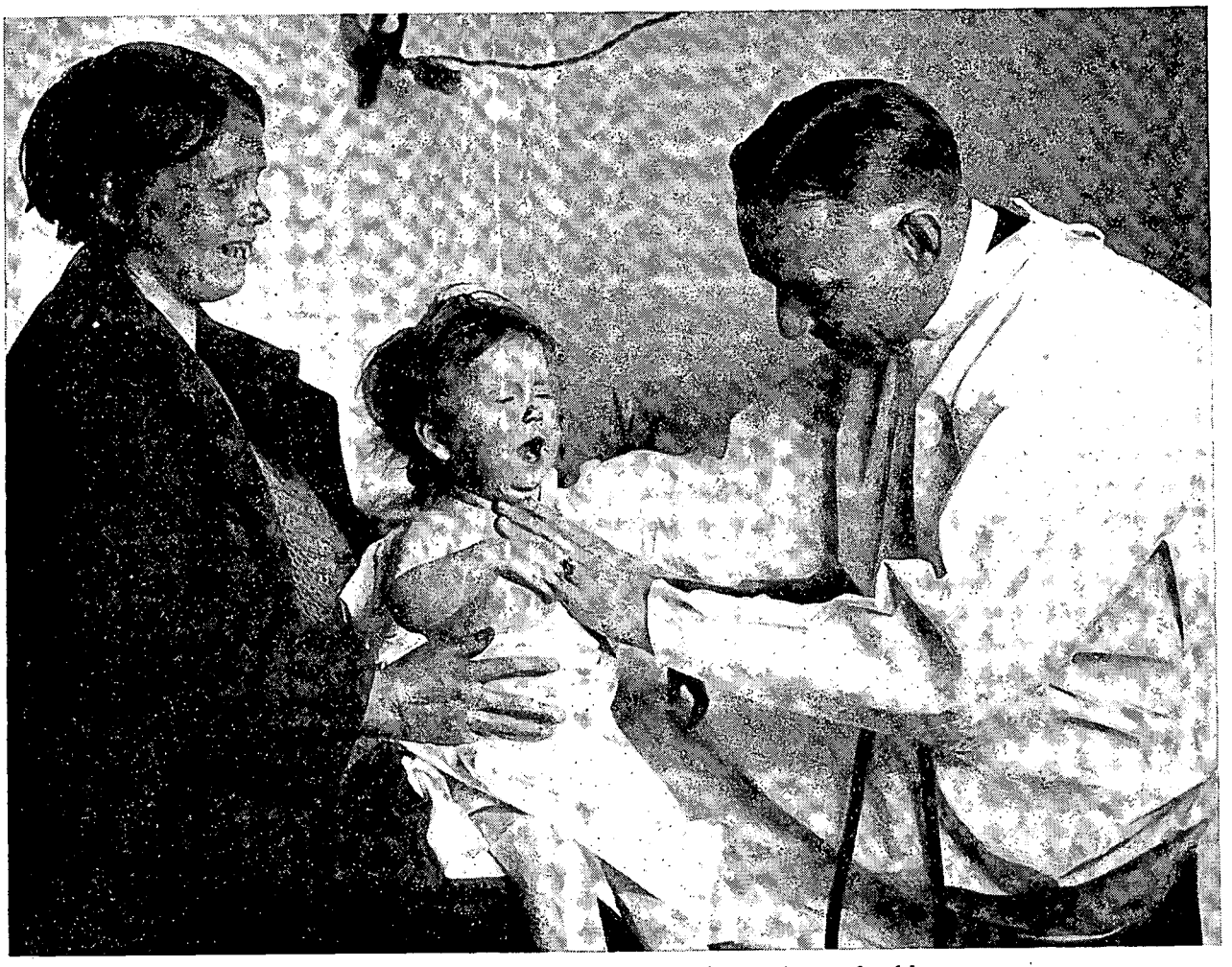

The people come to expert diagnosticians at the six district health centers

On the Rural Health Front

Camera Studies By LEWIS W. HINE

HEALTH to the Crossroads and the Crossroads to Health! Under this ringing slogan Cattaraugus County, with the assistance of the State Charities Aid Association and financial help from the Milbank Memorial Fund, has set out to blaze a trail of health for rural counties. The scouts of the Cattaraugus County Health Demonstration are the public health nurses, each with her indispensable car, weaving in and out of its hills and valleys, carrying education, cheer and healing. The Demonstration goes to the people of Cattaraugus in the homes and in their schools, ferreting out the cases of tuberculosis, helping to save babies, to build sturdy boys and girls, to solve the problems that press hard in many families, and especially in families on the isolated farms. The people come to the Demonstration at the six district health centers, where expert diagnosticians put their special knowledge at the service of the family physicians, and there is a complete laboratory and modern equipment for diagnosis and for care. Cattaraugus County is bringing and adapting to country use for people who live in farmhouses, and villages and towns, the proved weapons against disease which have been found so effective in the cities.

Bit by bit Cattaraugus County is trying to saturate its 72,000 people—spread over 1,300 square miles of hill and dale, farm, village and town,—with that knowledge and practice of health which will enable them to get the most out of living and pass down a tradition which will ensure an even greater attainment by their children. Achievement of the success it promises in the application of a many-sided program to the problems and needs of an actual country county will set a new standard for rural America.

Thirty-six thousand miles in six months

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They feared that this girl of seven could not last out the year, but the County Sanatorium fought her tuberculosis with every modern means, including the Alpine lamp, and she is getting well

When the nurse and her portable scale enter a district school. Health inspection includes the recording of communicable diseases, weighing, measuring, simple tests of sight and hearing, and throat examinations, and usually ends with a story

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Where the Demonstration enters homes and hearts

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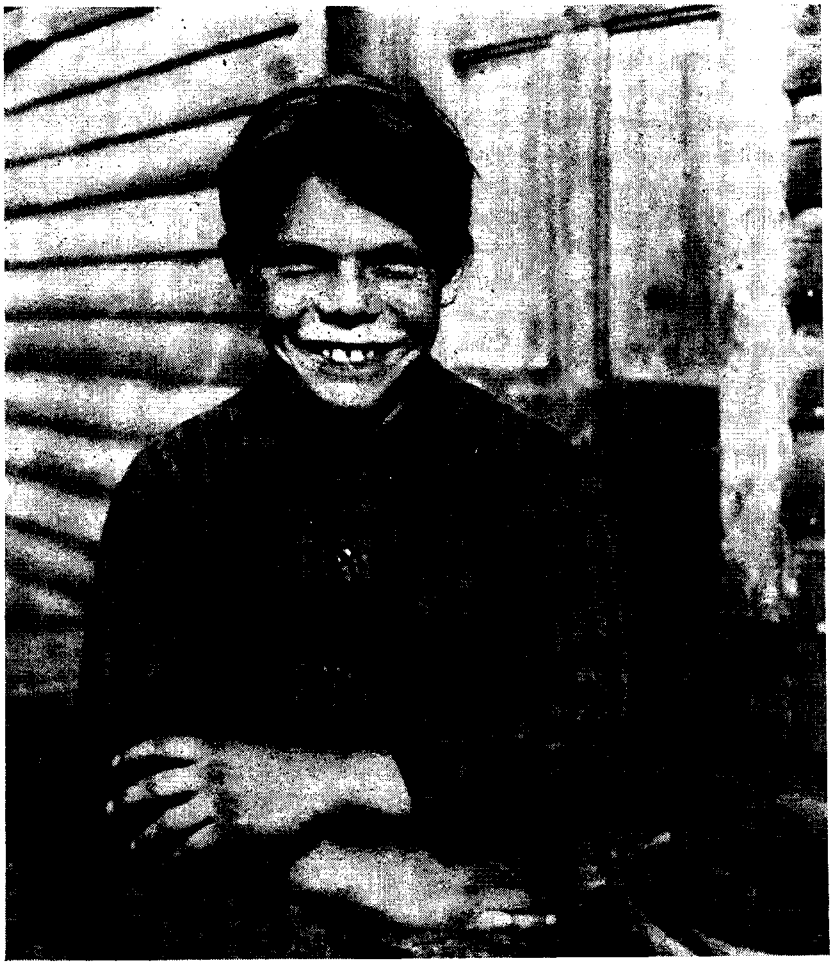
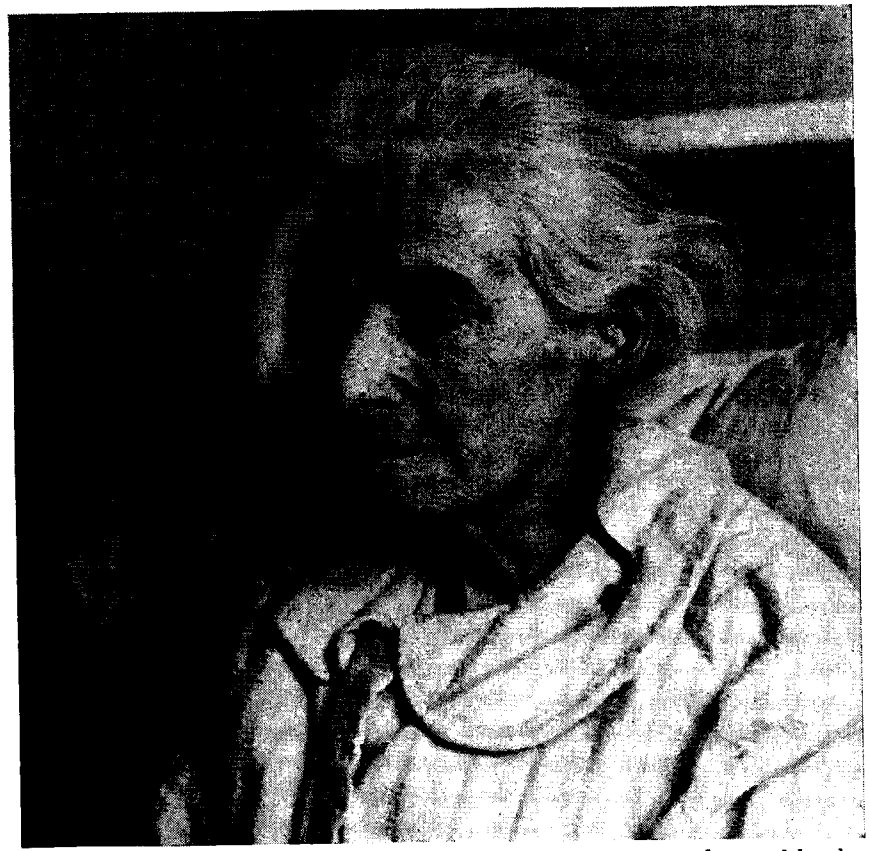


Nuthin' the matter with him

A madonna of the tenant farm house

This young Indian stoic is en route, with his mother, to the doctor



Oldest and gayest of the guests at the County Sanatorium, undaunted by the burden of tuberculosis, heart disease and seventy years

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Health to the Crossroads

Cattaraugus County Tries to Practise All We Know About Health

By MARY ROSS

THE principal street pushes its straight, wide, roughly bricked way through the middle of the town. On either side of it, shepherded in the shadow of the two columned banks, cluster the shops, neat two and three story brick boxes, interspersed with the gleaming white front which has become the national symbol of quick lunch, or the scarlet that means ten cents, chain grocery or cigars. There is the park with a monument; a brown cut-stone church with a pointed steeple; the opera house, movies with glittering porticos. Along the high, dusty curbing innumerable Fords, equally dusty, sidle their battered hoods obliquely toward the surviving hitching posts. An occasional trolley car passes, clanging its gong.

On the shaded streets either side of Main Street there are five modern schools; a few mansions of the mansard or the cutstone era; a few modern colonial villas, or remodeled homes with obtrusive sun-parlors; and the rank and file of little brown or white or gray or ochre frame houses, with a porch, and lace curtains, and a rubber plant in the parlor window. Main Street becomes tangled with tracks at one end, in a clutter of sheds and sidings; it runs out at the end of "the four-mile" in another clutter of shanties where dark-eyed, quick-speaking sons and daughters of a sunnier land huddle together. In the weedy, no-man's land that rims the town there are factory chimneys and clusters of oil tanks, with turfed moats about them.

All of this goes chiefly to say that Olean, N. Y., is a regular, big American town, thriving, on the make. Almost ten thousand of the twenty-three thousand souls who inhabit it have come there in the last decade. Many of them have been foreigners—Italians, Greeks, Slavs—destined for the railroad shops, the wood-working factories, the oil works. Others have been drawn into the town from the farms outside. For while the city has been gaining the country has lost, as is so often the case along the eastern seaboard, lost slowly, but definitely year after year. It is a country of comfortable little farmhouses, usually without architectural pretension, and great unpainted gambrel-roofed barns and herds of dairy cattle. When I drove through it late in the autumn, the misty bottom lands were pale yellow with stubble and the corn stood shocked like the tents of an encamping army with golden pumpkins for camp fires between. The woods on the abrupt, round little hills were losing the last of their autumn russet, and settling into the purples of winter, but the cattle still were grazing on the hillside fields. Wood smoke floated from the chimneys of the little white schoolhouses.

Against the haphazard picture of hustling town and sleeping country which Cattaraugus County frames for so much of rural America, has been laid the clear pattern of an ideal—that the life of its people shall be not only what it has been, and is, but what it can be—that they shall attain what health and happiness is within the limits of their own grasping. The name of that ideal is the Cattaraugus County Health Demonstration. Its comprehensive plan covers five years and supposes the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars. Completed, (that is, set on a permanent, self-running and self-supported basis) it should prove once more the dictum of the late Dr. Hermann Biggs for New York State, that public health is purchasable, and provide the plan of the foundations and superstructure according to which a thorough-going piece of health work for a rural district can be built, a working model to guide rural counties East and West.

While improvement in living conditions, in the popular standards of health and sanitation, and in professional control of problems of disease since the Civil War have increased by twenty years the expectation of life of the average of us, the gain has been far greater proportionately in city than in country. City people are more easily reached for purposes of education or of medical care; their supplies of water and milk are more easily safeguarded in bulk, their problems of sanitation more easily standardized, than the isolated, individual supplies and needs of farm and village dwellers. Since 1910, the rural deathrate in New York State has exceeded that of the cities. Dr. W. F. Draper of the U. S. Public Health Service writes in a recent report: "It is a well known fact that the natural advantages which the rural districts possess in favor of healthful existence are more than offset by the better health protection afforded to the city dweller." Less than 13 per cent of the rural population of the United States is provided with local health service under the direction of a full-time health officer—such as is taken for granted in the large towns and cities.

The problem of health work in rural districts, which is pressing hard in the country-side far and wide, is in large part one of education to make people realize the advantages to themselves of supporting their family physician and providing him with some of the working essentials of a health organization such as that which his city confrères have at their beck and call: a public health nursing organization, adequate health education and medical inspection and follow-up in the schools, a laboratory center for diagnostic purposes and the like. During such a process of education there often must be financial assistance from outside to start the ball rolling and pay for these services till they have justified their own being, and there must be some sort of supervision to see that the organization profits by previous experience and is established on a solid scientific and administrative basis. These two functions are performed by the Milbank Memorial Fund and its supervising agency for the Cattaraugus Demonstration, the State Charities Aid Asso-

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Photographs by Lewis W. Hine

Old and new in Cattaraugus County

ciation. The Demonstration has the advantage of the long and successful experience of the State Charities Aid Association in New York State and of a notable Technical Board and Advisory Council which include the country's foremost experts in the special fields.

Fundamentally the Demonstration was made possible by two recent pieces of legislation in New York State, one of which makes permissive the establishment of the county as a unit for health work under a county board of health, and the other of which offers a state subsidy matching money appropriated by the county board of supervisors for new health work approved by the state commissioner of health.

The use of the county as a health unit has been adopted extensively in certain parts of the country—notably North Carolina, the pioneer in this field; and Ohio—but the Cattaraugus County Board of Health established by vote of the Board of Supervisors in January 1923, is the first and only example in New York State and one of comparatively few in northern states outside of Ohio. The principle of the use of state money to match that supplied by local initiative is one which has been proved especially effective in the cooperative rural health work of the Rockefeller Board and of the federal Public Health Service, chiefly in states south of the Mason and Dixon line.

The nurse is just a good friend

In Cattaraugus, as in its two other health demonstrations in Syracuse and in a selected district of New York City, the Milbank Memorial Fund determined that its programs should be carried out by, not on, the people whom they were designated to benefit. Cattaraugus County was chosen because it was fairly typical of rural counties in its prosperity and in the division of its people between farm and village, native-born and foreigners. It has one special feature, picturesque, though comparatively unimportant in point of numbers, an Indian reservation with a population of some 1000 souls, where the black-haired, glowing cheeked little Indian urchins learn their A. B. C's in yellow schools of the federal government and not in the white schoolhouse of the county.

A modern aboriginal

The term "health demonstration" has an alarmingly technical sound which is misleading. In the course of a demonstration, many technical matters enter in, of course, but the purpose of the whole scheme is nothing more or less than showing that by conscious effort the physical (and the newest ventures include the mental) well-being of a community can be bettered. The tuberculosis demonstration of Framingham, Massachusetts, is one of the early classic examples. There in seven years of intensive effort to find, care for and prevent cases of tuberculosis in a small city of 17,000 people, the number of deaths from that disease was decreased by 68 per cent; in similar neighboring towns, where no such effort was made, the decrease during that time was only 32 per cent.

To undertake a piece of work of this sort means first to take stock of the community's assets and liabilities and then to weave all the assets into a program which will wipe out the debit side of the ledger and, eventually, heap up a positive balance of health. There is a doctor who came back from the war with a quickened sense of what teamwork means, and an eagerness to try out for children some of the principles of health supervision that worked for soldiers. There is a school principal in the town who knows that 100 per cent children will get much nearer to 100 per cent

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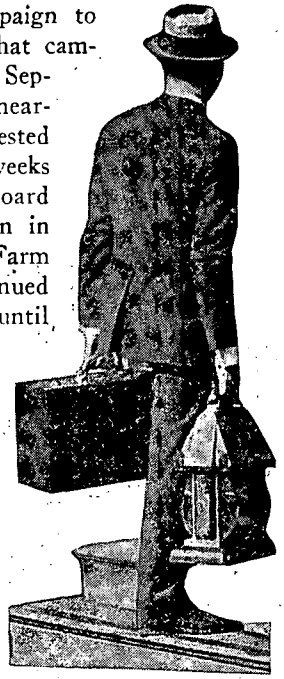
marks than those who struggle along with sore throats or aching molars. There is an editor who has seen life in many towns, and knows that even what is good can usually be made better. There are tuberculosis nurses and social workers already at work, somewhat isolated in their attempts, eager for some of the help and cooperation on which their friends of city agencies count almost unthinkingly. There are several far-seeing members of the Board of Supervisors, and an officer or two of the grange, who feel vaguely that some of the principles that have resulted in growing better cattle might well be tried to grow huskier children. Back of it all was Lilla C. Wheeler, whose forefathers were pioneers in a Cattaraugus County then wilderness. She herself has always lived in a village outside Olean. Interested first in the tuberculosis work of the State Charities Aid Association in the county, she heard of the projected demonstration of the Milbank Fund and determined that Cattaraugus County should profit by the rural trust. To her enthusiastic enlistment of local support, and her own work on its behalf, the Demonstration owes much of its start and present progress.

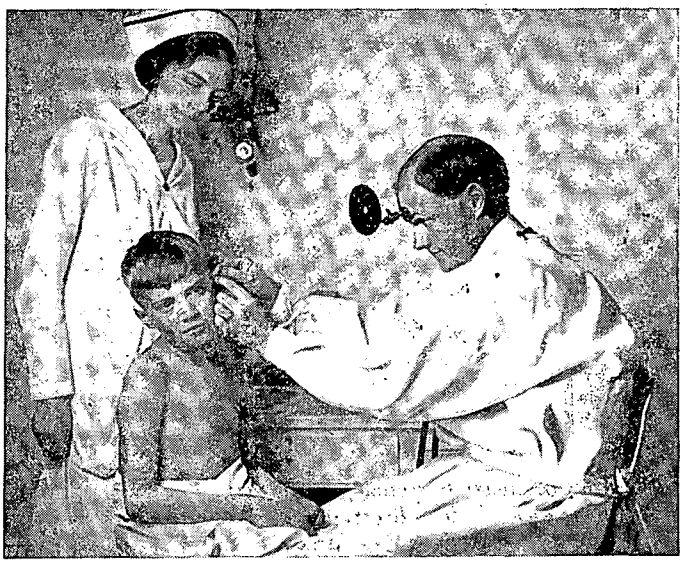
Stir up such precious resources as these, and others too many to mention, with a director who has been health officer of the rural state of Maine, with experts trained in the best laboratories and clinics and organizations for public health, and you have some idea of the dramatis personae of the Cattaraugus County Health Demonstration. All are working together with a common understanding that each stone of their arch must be laid with the understanding and support of the whole community; detailed programs have been elaborated—but each step they indicate must meet a present pragmatic test: does it represent the wish and will of the people?—for only on that basis can the structure be firm and self-supporting.

As Cattaraugus County is a dairy county, it was logical enough that the first joint effort of the county and the Milbank Fund was expressed by the appropriation of $6,000 made by the County Supervisors on December 8, 1922, before the chronological beginning of the Demonstration, to aid in a campaign to wipe out bovine tuberculosis. That campaign reached an effective peak in September and October, 1923, when nearly 53,000 head of cattle were tested with tuberculin during a four weeks intensive drive by the County Board of Health and the Demonstration in cooperation with the County Farm Bureau. The work has been continued at a less rapid rate through 1924 until it is estimated that a large majority of the cattle in the county (about 80,000) have been tested and the reactors removed, so that the chance of carrying tuberculosis to human beings by this means has been reduced to a minimum.



The portable X-ray goes to the sick patient

In the meantime there was hardly a month of 1923 that did not see some new step in the administrative framework on which the county plan is based. On



Triumvirate of the clinic—doctor, nurse and cheerful patient

January 10 of that year the county was established as a general health district, and the County Board of Health was appointed by the County Board of Supervisors, which appropriated $2,000 to meet its expenses from January to April.

The two cities—Salamanca and Olean—joined in, so that the project became country-wide. February saw the start of a campaign to locate cases of tuberculosis, with the employment of three staff nurses aided by a supervising nurse detailed from the State Department of Health, and the division of the county into six health districts with the opening of a health station in one of them. In March the first tuberculosis clinic was held in that district, and health stations in two others were opened. In April the Board of Supervisors appropriated $7,395 to meet the expenses of the County Board of Health for the rest of the fiscal year, to October 1. During that same month appointment was made of the County Health Officer, Dr. Leverett D. Bristol, who is also the Director of the Demonstration; during the first months Dr. H. A. Pattison, detailed temporarily by the National Tuberculosis Association, had made the successful start.

In later months of the year a county laboratory was opened at Olean, under a trained director, Dr. J. P. Garen, who was already at work in the city, to make all necessary laboratory analyses for physicians and health officers of the county, giving them a practically indispensable service; the County Tuberculosis and Public Health Association, a voluntary body, was re-organized, put on a dues paying basis, and established with an executive secretary, John Armstrong, (who, as the editor of the Olean Times, knew the district and the people well), a board of directors and local committees; a supervisory school health service was started for the public schools outside the cities, with Dr. C. A. Greenleaf of Olean as director; the fourth and fifth district health stations were opened; a Bureau of Records and Reports was established under the County Department of Health, and Dr. Stephen A. Douglass, with long specialized training and experience in tuberculosis, was appointed to serve as part-time director of a bureau of tuberculosis and part-time superintendent of the County Sanatorium for Tuberculosis.

During 1924 the sixth and final district health station has been opened, a medical social service worker added to the

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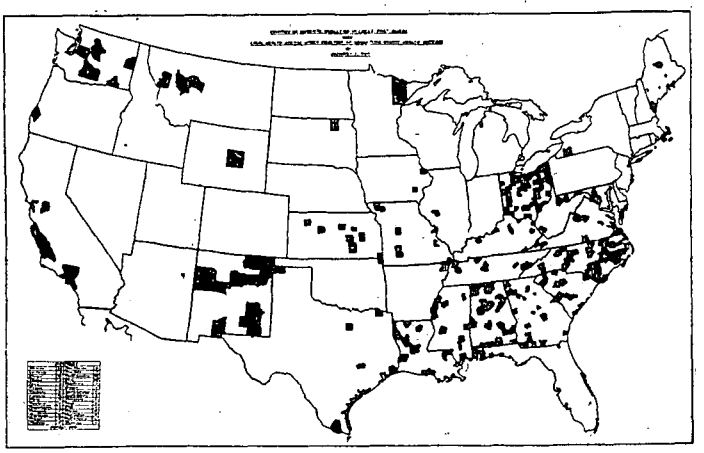

Counties or districts, wholly or in large part rural, with local health service under direction of whole-time county health officers on January 1, 1924

staff, a director of Public Health Nursing, Laura A. Gamble, with training in Toronto, that Mecca of generalized public health nursing, was appointed under the County Board; there is also a special supervisor on tuberculosis, Berneta N. Platt; the nursing staff has been increased to thirteen, and a nutrition service has been started. In 1924 the Board of Supervisors showed their substantial appreciation of the health demonstration by raising the appropriation for the County Board of Health from the $9,300 of 1923 to $16,000.

Outlined as a five-year program, the plan for Cattaraugus County falls into two divisions: general operations, and a group of nine special programs. The first includes the expenses of the county department of health and the district health stations, the Bureau of Records and Vital Statistics, the County Laboratory, the office and general expenses of the County Tuberculosis and Public Health Association, health instruction and nutrition activities. These general services are the basis on which any specialized piece of work must be built; they are the basic elements in county health service, substantially as Cattaraugus County has established them in 1923 and 1924. The specialized programs are built on this structure as circumstances permit: they deal with tuberculosis, communicable disease, school hygiene, maternity, infancy and child hygiene, mental hygiene, industrial hygiene (yes, even in a truly rural county one-eighth of the whole population works in factories or shops), sanitation and food inspection, and health conservation and life extension. So far the emphasis in these latter has been on tuberculosis, in which there is perhaps the most carefully worked out technique for communities, and school hygiene.

When it came to the question of examining the children in the country school, the Demonstration was faced with a real problem. Those little white schoolhouses—some 270 of them—were scattered over approximately 1,300 square miles of country that went up hill and down dale. In some of the schools there are only six or seven pupils. Moreover, in New York State, outside of New York City, Buffalo and Rochester, school medical inspection, school nursing and other health services for school children are the duties and functions of the local educational authorities, not the local health authorities. The individual school district is an almost impossible small unit with which to work—so without any basis in law but with the aid of the good offices of the Demonstration and some of its funds, an office of county superintendent of school health was created. All the trustees of the rural and village schools were called together, and it was decided perfectly practicable and highly desirable to form a county service for school health based on voluntary operation. Under that service nearly 8,000 children in the district schools were examined in 1923-4 by some 52 physicians of the districts themselves, using uniform blanks and records worked out by Dr. Greenleaf. Local school funds paid for the actual examinations; the Demonstration provided the supervisory organization including a director and a special supervising nurse, and a nurse of the Demonstration was present at all examinations. Only 862, or about one in ten of those little country urchins, could be reported free from physical defect. The rest of them—6,896—had 15,372 things wrong with them—teeth that needed filling, enlarged or diseased tonsils, eyesight below the normal, running ears, or a weight too low for their ages and heights. The children most in need of attention are followed up by the public health nurses, who were working frantically this fall again to complete the routine annual inspection of all the rural school children before the snow came and roads became impassable to the Fords that carried them, their portable scales, and the other paraphernalia for the work. A concerted effort is being made to bring all the children who are 10 per cent or more underweight in to the clinics for a thorough physical examination, including a careful survey of their chests, for it is from these skinny little boys and girls that the tuberculous patients of later years are recruited. As a direct result of this successful county school service, a New York state law has been passed to provide for permissive county school hygiene districts and Cattaraugus promptly took immediate advantage of the opportunity to transmute its own organization into legal administrative terms, with Dr. Greenleaf as director of the Cattaraugus School Hygiene District.

Schooldays—with a smiling nurse in the background

It is easy enough to roll off statistics of thousands of children and scores of doctors and tens of thousands of miles (the redoubtable Fords of the Demonstration travelled 35,000 miles on official business in six months) without in the least picturing what it means to conquer local jealousies; to quiet the resentments which naturally arise when some little clusters of houses decide that city people are trying to have the say-so of what shall be done to their perfectly good children; to bump over distant roads to the rendezvous of a busy country doctor, a distracted teacher, a nurse, and some dozen, more or

(*Continued on page* 426)

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Samuel Gompers' Last Convention

By FRANK TANNENBAUM

THE forty-fourth convention of the American Federation of Labor, the fortieth of Samuel Gompers' presidency, was not a convention. It was an emotional feast—an epic, an extravagant abandonment that stirred men to their deepest roots and filled the air with pathos and enthusiasm. It was also a tribute—a silent and a vocal tribute that bowed hardened men to reverence. These be extravagant phrases and almost unbelievable when applied to a convention of the American Federation of Labor. But as I have already said, this was not a convention except in the most formal sense. The delegates assembled and organized for business, the program of scheduled problems and decisions were gone through with and expeditiously, more so than at any other recent convention, but all of that was mere form and play. The real business of this convention lay in another direction.

Delegates who have attended conventions for twenty years swear that nothing like this has happened before and others give thanks for the privilege of having lived long enough to have participated in this one.

A novice at conventions, I have no basis of comparison with what took place in other years, and everything had the thrill of novelty and was pregnant with the unexpected. It was good to see the famous figures of the American labor movement all together. There were John P. Frey, with his philosophical reflections, and Andrew Furuseth, like a Dante risen from the grave to command attention by his erudition, his fervor, his zeal, coining classic phrases impromptu. He filled the large hall with his cry that the collection of foreign debts by force is both "unknightly and immoral" and that the people—"all they can do is to bleed and pay, pay, with their sweat if they may—with their blood if they must." There, too, was John Lewis, shaking a threatening head and challenging the convention to battle. But there was little battle at this convention; such as there was took place behind closed doors and all the floor saw was peace and ready agreement; a deliberate softness of tread, a deliberate avoidance of angry controversy, quiet ruled the convention—a self denial, a reverence and an awe.

IT ALL began in the responsive chord that followed the opening of the convention when Green of the miners in reading President Gompers' opening speech came to the lines "Events of recent months have made me keenly aware that the time is not far distant when I must lay down my trust for others to carry forward." That was the beginning. Gompers sat in his chair, white, weak, seemingly shrunk to a shadow of his former self, talking with an effort, obviously shaken to a reed by his recent illness. All of that sent a tremor through the convention hall that put it into a mood for further obeisance and homage.

Such was the beginning. What followed was even more stirring. That afternoon the delegates to the Mexican Federation of Labor, which was meeting across the river, one thousand strong, to the tune of a native band, marched into the hall. They came in organized battalions, men and women—dressed in their native costumes, many of them wearing sandals, with their colored sarapies, their wide brimmed hats, their brown faces, some dressed in white suits, some just from the fields with thread-bare clothing washed into respectability—one thousand of them, humming and singing the hymns of battle, with a Mexican, an American and the red and black flag of the Mexican Labor Federation—came as the heralds of a new and a free Mexico, and to cheer the coming day with their American fellow-workers. The American delegates were on their feet applauding and shouting their welcome. Some were on the tables and some on the chairs. A mood of boisterous joy and fellowship filled the hall. People were carried away with joy and good will. Nothing like it had ever happened before. Nothing just like it can ever happen again. It was an adventure, an indulgence, a promise and thanksgiving—it took all of that to make it the spectacle it was. When quiet was restored and the assembled delegates gathered themselves to listen to speeches from the rostrum, a silence fell upon the convention, so deep and still that even the faintest word carried through the large room. On the platform were the delegates from five nations—Mexico, Germany (the first time), England, Canada and the United States. And when President Gompers asked them to hold hands and pledge themselves for international peace and good will, the hall rang with cheers and big men permitted their emotions to steal down their cheeks in tears that could not be restrained. Such was the end of the first day.

On the second day the American delegates returned the visit of the Mexican delegates. It was late in the afternoon. The sun was creeping to the West; the blue sky was streaked with gold; the lazy Rio Grande seemed to stand still to watch a ceremony that was strangely full of meaning and beauty. Hundreds of Americans, big men and hardened by battle, mellowed to the spell of the hour. Gompers and Trevinio embraced each other on the International bridge and called the sky to witness their pledge of eternal comradeship. The scene was fit for poets to describe, the mood one for prophecy. The few short sentences of Mr. Gompers were like hammer blows on an attuned anvil and thrilled the surrounding crowd to ecstasy. It was with a swinging stride and to the tune of a children's band that we marched to the hall where the Mexicans were awaiting us, and there they returned the reception that had been accorded them the day before. What was said there deserves wide quotation. It was largely an open and public acknowledgement of the services the American Federation of Labor had rendered to the Mexican people in their struggles for liberty. Every mention of Gompers' name was cheered to the rafters and the delegates of the American Federation of Labor took new pride in their old leader so honored by the workers of a foreign nation. Strange this may seem, and yet true; ten years ago the name of Gompers in Mexico was a cause for hissing and slander; today it was cheered and revered.

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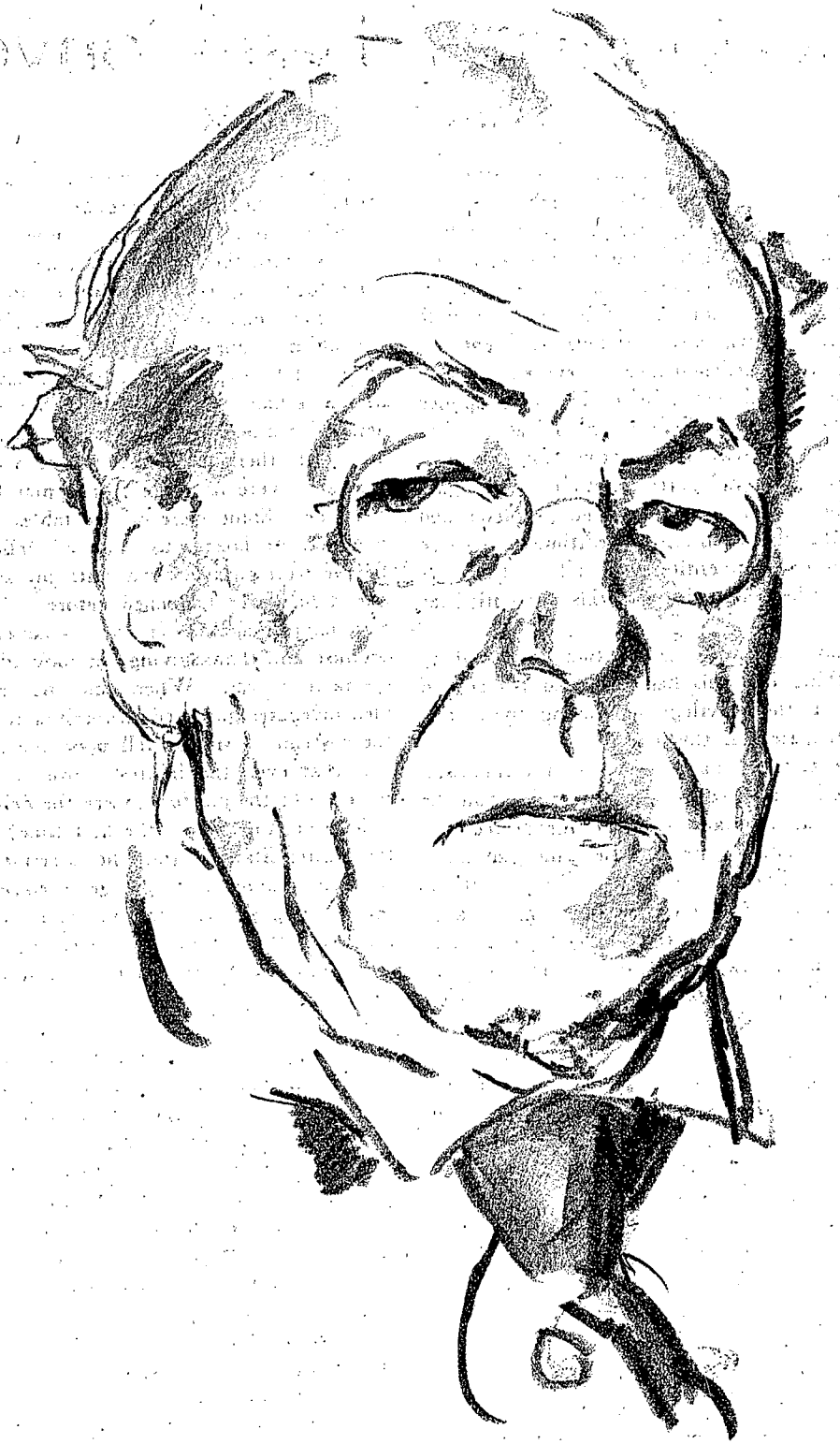

Drawn by Ivan Opffer

SAMUEL GOMPERS

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I must insist that while it was a great international meeting, that while it was a cementing of the two people, it was beyond and above that a personal tribute to Mr. Gompers and to his services to the Mexican struggles for freedom.

Speaking about Mr. Gompers' services to Mexico, Rico, who was president of the convention, said:

He began life as a tobacco worker and he has dedicated all of that life, with humility and with enthusiasm, to the services of the proletariat, not only to the services of the North American proletariat, but to the service of the proletariat of the whole world and principally to the proletariat of Mexico. When just about a year ago the last counter revolutionary movement began in Mexico, he was one of our most important, one of our most resourceful assistants . . . and due to that we can be here with you today, where we can talk freely of our desires and our ambitions.

In reply Gompers said amongst other things:

The American Federation of Labor is organized for the purpose of abolishing wrong and establishing right, the abolition of wrong and the establishment of right not alone in the U. S. or for North America. For wherever there is a wrong, there is a work for us to do; wherever there is a right not yet attained, there is a work for us to do. Recognizing that the people of Mexico were enduring tyranny, injustice, brutality, was it not our duty to help the people of Mexico to redress their wrongs and attain their rights?

And the American delegates cheered. Such was the end of the second day. It ended in feasts and fraternity in the city of Juarez.

THERE was a third episode, the week following, on a larger scale—an episode which took President Gompers and the three hundred delegates with him to Mexico City and the inauguration of the first labor president on the American continent. It was a happy party: like a bunch of overgrown kids off on a new adventure. Looking wide-eyed for the strangest and most incongruous experiences, some of the delegates secretly wrote their wills for fear of the bandits that had been whispered about before the delegation started. But bravely and smilingly and full of laughter the two special cars, some thousands of bottles of beer, and extra soldiers in iron coal cars with little holes punched in the sides for sharpshooters, and the sun setting over the Texas desert, they pulled out to participate in the greatest international feast that the American Federation of Labor has ever indulged in. Along the way, governors and their staffs met the train and the Americans mellowed to the welcome. After three days of the most frolicsome journeying, the trains arrived at the colonial station in Mexico City. From there, tired, slightly giddy from the height, but expectant and in a receptive mood, they were taken to the new stadium to witness the inauguration which took place at eleven o'clock on November 30. They were all bedecked with badges and flags and escorted to a special section reserved for the American delegates.

After much climbing between rows of picturesque Mexican soldiers dressed in their gaudy uniforms for the special occasion, we found a place of hiding from the hot sun under an awning specially spread for our benefit. In front of us were some 50,000 Mexicans, mainly poor Mexicans, workers, with their broad-brimmed hats and their white suits, flying banners of gaudy colors, stretching on both sides down the seats of the stadium. It was a colorful, buoyant, good humored crowd that cheered itself hoarse at the slightest excuse. Mr. Gompers was marshalled in, supported by two friends, his weak, halting step slowly climbing the stairs of the special platform for the diplomatic and official guests; and as he was recognized he was cheered not only by the Americans, but by the Mexican workers of the assembly. A few minutes later Louis N. Morones, leader of the Mexican labor movement and victim of an attempted assassination, walked in. He had but risen from bed. A big man he is, who stood out among his fellows, and when he and Mr. Gompers embraced each other on the platform in view of the thousands and thousands of Mexican, and hundreds of American labor men, it was the epitome of an international brotherhood which Mr. Gompers was dreaming about and building patiently when death carried him off. It was also a tribute publicly and openly made to the leadership of Mr. Gompers, acknowledging the services he had rendered not only to Mexico, but to the United States, by so powerfully easing the strain of enmity between the two peoples. Gompers had come to witness not merely the first peaceful passing of power in Mexico in half a century but also the cementing of a new friendship between two peoples.

Mr. Gompers went to Mexico not only to attend the inauguration of a labor president, but also to open as president the fourth convention of the Pan-American Federation of Labor. This was to him the beginning of a league of peoples of North and South America, and an instrument for doing for the workers of Latin-America what he had helped to do for Mexico, not merely a trade-union movement but an agency for social construction in Latin-America. This was the last full measure of his service to the new world.

But the real measure of that service lay in what he had done for the workers of the United States, and the gage of that was the El Paso convention rather than these colorful Mexican interludes.

IT WAS interesting to watch Mr. Gompers at this convention. Weak, at first barely able to speak, but improving slowly, slow of movement, showing all evidence of serious illness; yet in spite of all that, in spite of his low voice, of his broken health, of his white face, his mind keen, his movement sure. It was interesting to watch the absolute dominance that Mr. Gompers had, the absolute control of his followers, their complete surrender to his judgment and to his will. Some of it was due, no doubt, to the softness of tone and self-denial which Mr. Gompers' recent illness and obvious physical weakness imposed. There was a concerted attempt not to irritate, not to strain, not to burden an aged and physically weak man—a man whom many of them had loved and fought for nearly half a century. But there was something else. There was the personality of Mr. Gompers, or of Sam as the delegates insist on calling him. There was his ready humor. Nothing slipped by that could be turned to laughter and when he laughed the convention rollicked with him. There was his intelligence, for the best speeches were made by him. On every occasion and in every mood he rose to the needs of the situation. He made things plainer and clearer and more pregnant with meaning than any of them. He was the greatest and clearest thinker amongst them.

I am speaking of this convention only, not having attended others. There was his sincerity. He believed the things he said. He believed it so profoundly that the others were carried to conviction under the spell of voice, but added to all of that there was his great depth of emotion. There was an intensity in his voice that gripped the heart-strings and kept people spell-bound in spite of themselves. There

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was something of the supreme artist about Mr. Gompers. He naturally dramatized a situation, made it vivid and illuminating. As one who has worked with him for many long years said of him, "He has infinite capacity to do the right thing at the right time and do it perfectly." He was a great actor in the sense of becoming absorbed emotionally in the thing he did, and acting it, he was a great orator. When he spoke his enemies listened in spite of themselves. They could not escape the grip of his voice. He was a great leader because he inspired blind faith—and the people who have fought him, and who have known him, have respected him. One of these men said to me: "Sam is the greatest little fellow in the world."

AS I have already said, this was not a convention, but a drama. There were, however, certain new departures taken at this meeting of the American Federation of Labor, the most important of which was the passage of a resolution for voluntary assessment of a half a cent per member for the Labor Education Bureau, which is affiliated with the A. F. of L. This will give, in time, a fund for educational purposes that ought to make possible a real contribution to the labor movement. The position taken on a labor party was perhaps a little different and may perhaps be interpreted as a partial victory for those who argue for a political party, but such an interpretation would be straining a point. The decision to call a conference on insurance may also perhaps lead to important results—outside of that the A. F. of L. reaffirmed its old policies. As to cooperation with the War Department on the training camps, a very indefinite resolution, referred to the Executive Council, may open the way for an unnatural alliance between militarism and labor; but it may also be that it was referred to the Executive Council so that it could die a natural death without struggle and discussion on the floor. The rest was drama and homage.

THE surprise of the convention occurred on the afternoon of the sixth day. Sigman of the Ladies' Garment Workers rose and asked the floor for a personal privilege. "I ask you bear with me just a few minutes and give me the opportunity to share with you some of the joy and happiness of my organization, The International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, which is celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary." In a slow halting manner, gradually filling with emotion and sweep, he detailed the struggles, the sorrows, the bitterness, the achievements of his organization. He slowly painted a vivid story of a helpless and driven people rising to master their own destiny—and it was all a tribute to Samuel Gompers and the help he had given the organization. While he was still talking a beautifully made bust of Mr. Gompers was unveiled behind the chair in which Mr. Gompers sat. An electrical shock swept the delegates to their feet, applauding; Mr. Gompers, not knowing what it was about, began looking around him. He rose slowly to discover the source of the excitement, and collapsed into his chair—a broken crying man, tears rolling down his cheeks. His acknowledgement was so filled with emotion that his audience followed his every word and shared his every emotion and many a man who had not cried in years shed tears—bashfully, shamefacedly, but genuine tears. It was more than a tribute to a great leader. It was a brooding upon the inevitable day when he would be no more.

As was expected, Mr. Gompers was reelected without any opposition; but it was not known that he was to be seconded by Fitzpatrick of the American Artists Federation; that was the best speech from the floor. It was the fitting climax to a great drama. It was in itself a piece of fine dramatic oratory, filled with humor and sincerity. It was as great a tribute as any man can hope for in this day and generation, and it was given in words so simple, so full of good humor, so genuine, that it will be remembered by all who heard it as the closing act of the greatest drama in the history of American Federation of Labor conventions. The speech reflected a love for Sam Gompers and a sense of comradery which kindled hostile strangers to admiration.

Let me close with a few quotations from the speech:

Two characteristics men admire—honesty and courage—and Sam has both of them. No one has ever been able, truthfully, to accuse him of having run under fire. No one can ever say that when he has been taken up by the spirit of evil on to the mountain top and shown all the kingdoms of the world, that he has not in the language of the scriptures said: "Get thee behind me, Satan." We admire and envy him for his physical vitality. I am sure the only reason that Ponce de Leon did not find the Fountain of Youth is because Sam was not on earth at the time to show him where he got his youth and vitality.

I am sure that when the last representative of the National Manufacturers' Association comes to a convention of the American Federation of Labor to make his final peace with the Labor Movement, he will find the young man who is occupying the chair none other than the present incumbent of that office—Mr. Samuel Gompers. But if in the course of nature (to be serious for just one minute) the finger of time writes exit for Sam, at least we who have been associated with him can in the face of all the world rise and say: "Take him all in all, he was a man. We shall not look upon his like again."

And later that day Mr. Gompers closed the forty-fourth meeting of the American Federation of Labor with the only battle cry uttered during the six days: "It is better to have resisted and failed than not to have resisted at all."

The Trader—1850

By GWENDOLEN HASTE

McDonald leans, in a buckskin shirt,
Over the stern of his reeking sloop,
Dickering with guttural men who steer
Slim birch canoes across the bay.
He is drunk and deformed, blurred with dirt,
But the vision he holds is clear.
His eyes burn bright beyond this land
Where the white mist drips
And the cold gull dips
To the breakers shattering on the sand.
The sloop rocks,
And the smooth canoes
Nod over the waves with their muttering crews.

Dreams are made of curious stuff—
A thicket of masts across the bay,
Sharp slender funnels, churning grey,
An arrogant city where men shall bring
The gold of the East and the gold of the West
To build smoke-blue towers where the cold mists cling.

The old sloop drifts and the forests fade—
Strange the stuff of which dreams are made!

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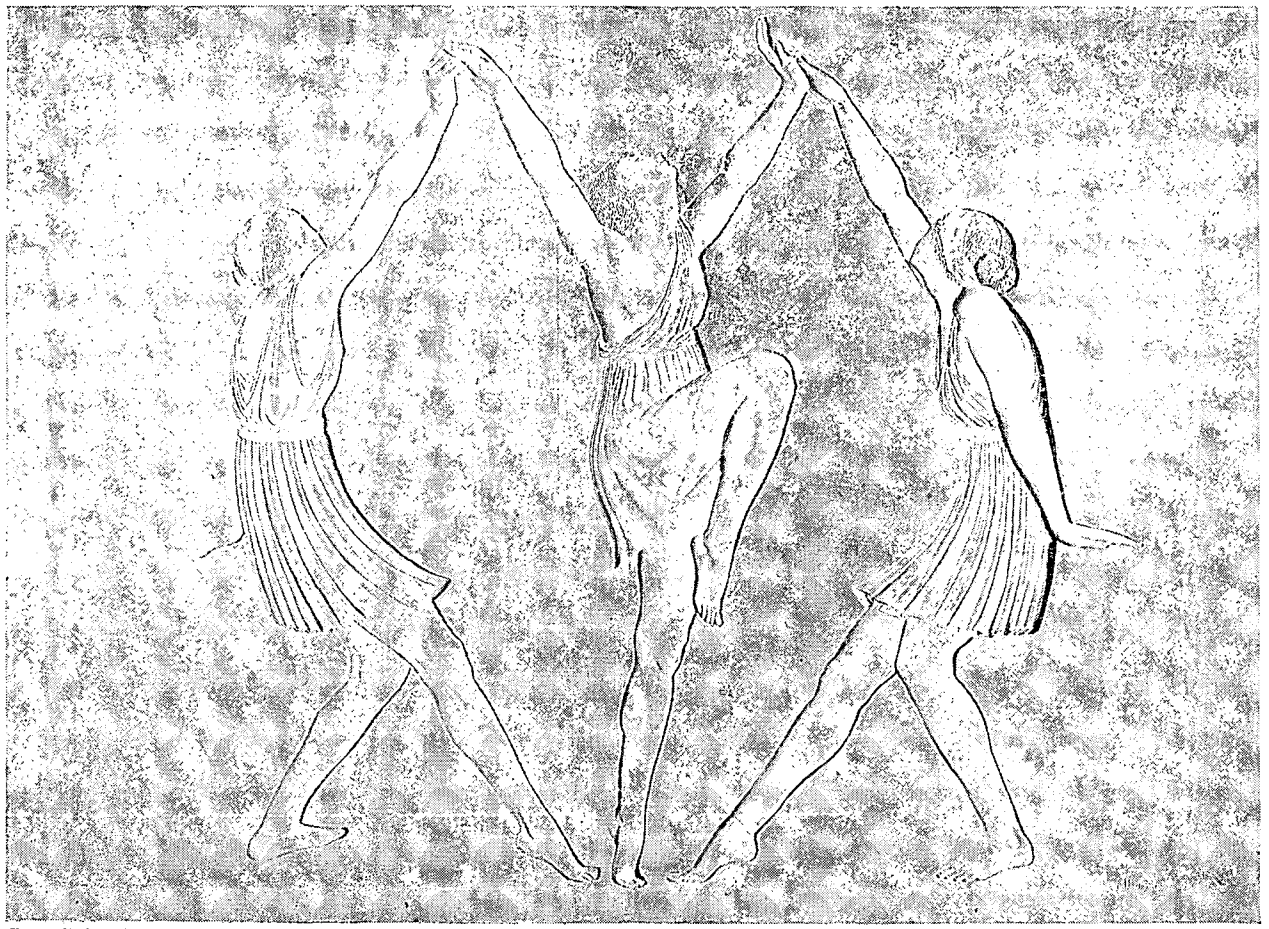

Bas-relief by Jo Davidson in the foyer of The Neighborhood Playhouse

A Playhouse of Wide Interests

Plays, Festivals and Pantomimes at the Neighborhood Playhouse

By MAIDA CASTELHUN DARNTON

THIS year marks the tenth anniversary of The Neighborhood Playhouse of New York, one of the most significant little theatres in America. On February 12 it will have completed its first decade. Yet so new or so short-lived are our "rebellious" theatres as a class that it is now the oldest experimental theatre in this country.

In its ten crowded years of adventurous youth, The Neighborhood Playhouse has carried out an astonishing variety of artistic and social experiments. It has used the theatre as a social force, as an educational institution, and as a vehicle for artistic creation; and in all its varied ventures, from motion pictures to psychological drama, it has never ceased to follow the line of beauty and the light of truth.

This is, perhaps, an even rarer and more difficult ideal to pursue in the theatre, where the expediency of the moment so easily affects integrity of purpose, than in the other arts. By holding fast to it The Neighborhood Playhouse has succeeded in bringing beauty into the daily life of thousands, through the medium of the theatre; in directing the play instinct into artistic channels; in restoring folk traditions in drama and dance; and in creating a new vision and new forms for the theatre of today and tomorrow.

To make beauty an arresting force in the drab life of commonplace men and women and to use the glamor of drama and the other arts of the theatre to combat the crass ugliness of a mechanized age is a social achievement of extraordinary importance. It is far easier to build model tenements, to introduce bathrooms and open plumbing, to win the battle for the minimum wage or the eight hour day, even to fight the white plague, than to keep alive and nourish the free, creative spirit of man. In an era of standardized work and pleasure, the soul grows material with the stuff it feeds on.

THE importance of the theatre in enriching the life of a community and in interpreting the human spirit is a thing of recent growth in the United States. Until the beginning of the present century the American theatre, generally speaking, was merely a place of amusement. Today, when the church of their fathers has become an empty shell to most of the younger generation, it may safely be

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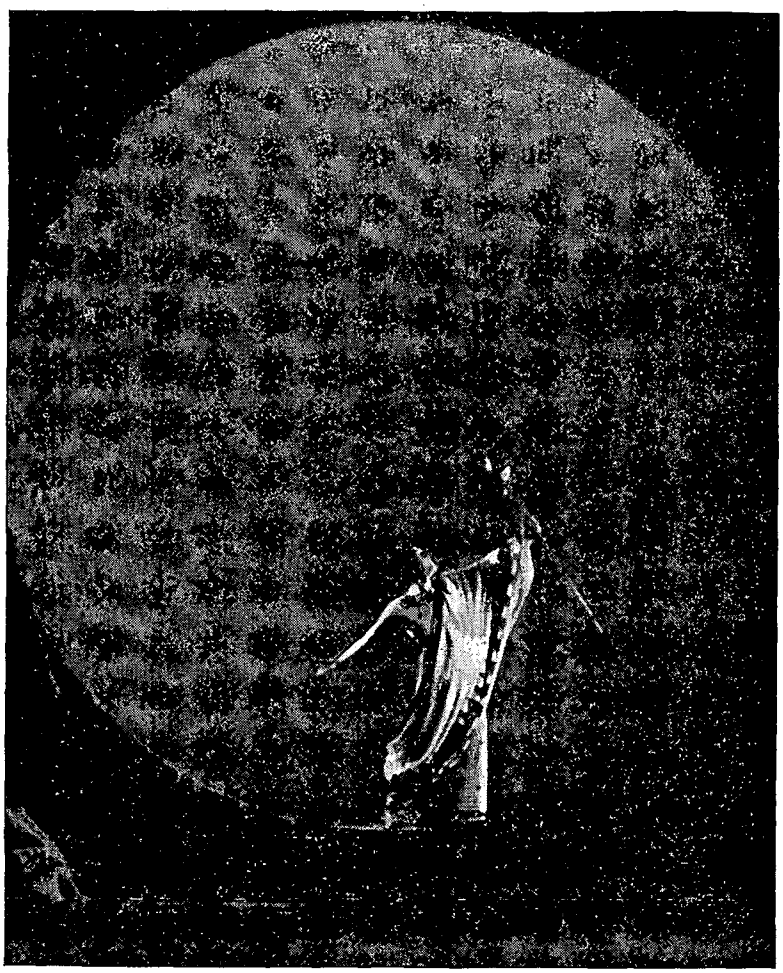

Photograph by Francis Bruguère

The Hymn to Apollo from Salut au Monde (1922)

said that our theatres share with our schools the function of forming the spiritual and ethical standards of millions of mentally footloose, immature human beings.

In New York it was the amateur theatre, rather than the commercial, that first recognized its own importance in the life of today. Even ten years ago, few managers would have denied that making money was the chief business of the theatre; and to make money they gave the public what they thought it wanted. Today every commercial manager knows that his income, his choice of plays, his very ideas of what the public wants, have been enormously influenced by three experimental theatres which have always put money-making in the background.

In these days, when every empty garage or cellar has its brief fling of glory with the drama, there are all sorts of experimental theatres in New York. But only three have maintained a clear purpose through the years. Only three have followed a vital artistic and social ideal. Oddly enough, all three were born at about the same time, ten years ago, in the early months of 1915.

Of these, The Provincetown Playhouse has from the first proclaimed itself the playwright's theatre. Its experiments have been chiefly for the benefit of the American playwright. Here George Cram Cooke and Susan Glaspell began their careers. Here, above all, the tragic genius of Eugene O'Neill found itself. But for this little theatre in a MacDougal Street garage, The Emperor Jones would scarcely have found his way to Paris and Berlin after Broadway, nor would The Hairy Ape have broken new paths in our drama. Indeed, the Provincetown Playhouse might well be called *the House of O'Neill,* even as the Moscow Art Theatre became *the House of Chekhov,* even though other writers have always found a welcome on its stage. So closely is its life interwoven with the work of America's greatest playwright, in the mind of the public, that this is its chief claim to recognition.

The Theatre Guild's contribution to New York and to this country is as far removed as possible from that of the Provincetown. The Guild has made New York cosmopolitan in drama as in life. Thanks to it, the stage of this, the largest city in the New World, has ceased to be provincial. Only within the last decade have we in America opened our minds to the Continent. Formerly only American and English plays reached our audiences, along with a sprinkling of mediocre adaptations of French and German comedies and farces. The Theatre Guild has put an end to all that. It has spoiled our liking for such denatured fare. It has put the drama of Central Europe on the theatrical map, and has vitalized the native theatre by contact with the freshest, most vivid, most audaciously experimental theatre of Europe.

Until The Theatre Guild leaped the barriers of language and timidity, the achievements of Hungary, Germany, Austria and Czecho-Slovakia were unknown in a city literally teeming with millions of Central Europeans. The drama of Molnar, Vajda, Kaiser, Scholz, and the Capek brothers, unadapted, in their native form and spirit, did not spell ruin, any more than the intellectual and philosophical comedies of Shaw spelled ruin. The fact that an intelligent, adult public is eager to go to the theatre when it is not fed wholly on puerilities and jejune substitutes for life has impressed itself on many commercial managers since then.

THE achievement of the Neighborhood Playhouse, less striking and slower in effect, has been equally valuable. It has made three contributions that reach to the very roots of dramatic and social life.

It has kindled and kept alive the flame of beauty and joy in the hearts of men by restoring the drama of community expression, in the form of folk and ritual dances with music. In the process it has actually re-created the ancient art form of the festival and developed new forms of lyric drama.

It has maintained a training-school and workshops as part of its theatre. In the school, training in diction, voice culture, choral song, dancing, pantomime, and plastic have emphasized the relation between the actor and his technical instrument—himself. Albert Carroll, the sensitive and intelligent young actor and finished dancer, whose versatility enables him to turn from pantomime, dancing and satirical imitations to psychological characterization, is the best example of its aims and methods. In the workshops, volunteer and amateur workers, many after a long working day in business or factory, labor for the joy of the working in the arts and crafts of the theatre side by side with professionals. So the mediaeval guild spirit, when master and apprentice taught and learned together, is fostered under the

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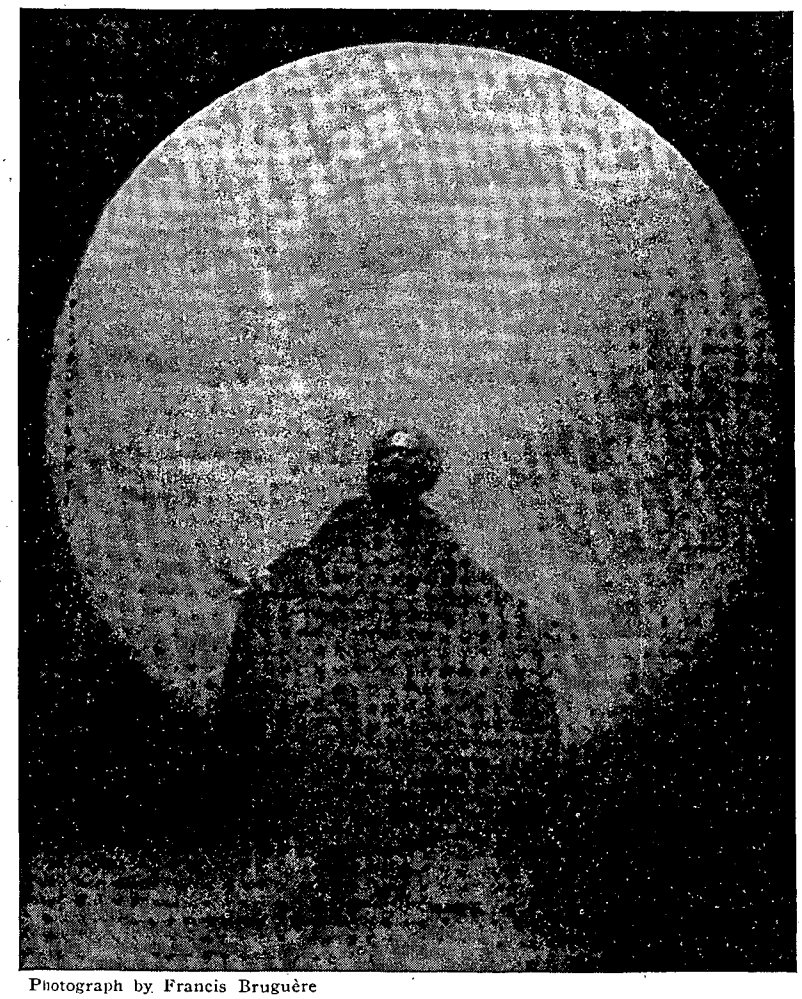
direction of Alice Beer, a graduate of Vassar who manages the workshops and acts as liaison officer between the directing staff and the craftsmen. Simplicity and honesty of workmanship and skilled artisanship are exacted in the execution of stage settings and costumes; in the making of jewelry, masks, wigs and properties; and in the weaving and dyeing of textiles.

Finally, it has maintained a theatre of experiment, at once a dramatic laboratory and an art theatre. Guided by a tolerant spirit and cosmopolitan tastes, it has envisaged the traditions of the past, the changing life of the present, and the new visions of the future, in its repertory and methods.



Photograph by Francis Bruguère

The Poet in the dramatic version of Walt Whitman's poem

IN terms of drama, the evolution of the Playhouse from social centre to neighborhood theatre and art theatre would fall inevitably into a prologue and three acts, with the curtain rising on the third act at this moment.

The prologue includes the period from 1907 to 1915 when, in the gymnasium of the Henry Street Settlement, a social centre, and in Clinton Hall, the Festival Dancers gave occasional public performances of festivals and pantomime ballets; and the Neighborhood Players of plays. As early as 1906 the Greek, Hebrew, and East Indian conceptions of spring were represented in choral dance and song. Again in 1908 and 1911, Hiawatha, a spring festival of the American Indians, was produced.

These group-representations of universal folk drama are worth dwelling upon, for out of them The Neighborhood Playhouse has developed the festival dance as an art form. Just as, in all races, the origin of drama is rooted in the spring festivals that mark the rebirth of life in nature and in man after the death of winter, so the group dance is its first emotional expression.

During these years Alice and Irene Lewisohn first made real their conception of community drama as a vital expression of folk feeling and religion. To them is due the revival of Old Testament ritual and melodies in a neighborhood where the second generation was forgetting its ancient heritage.

By 1915 the enthusiasm of actors and audiences alike had outgrown their material limits, and "the little daughter of the Henry Street Settlement" went on the stage in a theatre especially built for her. The first act of her career began when The Neighborhood Playhouse, built and endowed by Alice and Irene Lewisohn, opened its doors in 1915 at 466 Grand Street, in the heart of New York's crowded East Side.

The words of its founders best express their animating purpose: "The Neighborhood Playhouse has grown from the necessity to express an idea, not from a desire for the perfection of form—from the effort to voice the spiritual beauty instinct in every human being and from a recognition of the spiritual forces in the universe which are reflected through human action or drama."

So the Playhouse, recognizing that drama, art, is a dynamic force in life, not a dead convention, has never lost sight of the profound kinship between life, drama and the dance. It insists on the training of the individual actor as a dancer. It teaches group dancing. It includes pantomime ballet, classical ballet or festival dance in every season's repertory.

Far from the influences of Broadway and the commercial stage, the old playing and dancing groups began their new life. During the first five years until 1920 the young actors appeared in such plays as Dunsany's The Glittering Gate, A Night at an Inn, and The Queen's Enemies; Shaw's Captain Brassbound's Conversion and Great Catherine; and Guibour, a fourteenth century French miracle. Here the Festival Dancers brought to life in vivid group movement and color the festivals of Thanksgiving, of Pentecost, and of the Tabernacles; or appeared in such pantomime-ballets as Stravinsky's Petrouchka, Debussy's Boite à Joujoux, and Rossini's La Boutique Fantasque; the Japanese Noh, Tamura, in which the dancers wore the native masks of Old Japan for the first time on our stage, introduced the ancient, exotic note of the Far East.

WEEK-END performances of plays and festivals, and special programs and motion pictures during the week, were varied with special performances by invited guest-players and their companies in which the Neighborhood Players took smaller parts. So Gertrude Kingston, the English actress, brought Shaw to Grand Street. Yvette Guilbert, that rarest of French artists, made Guibour, the fourteenth century miracle, live once more in the twentieth century. Again, Ellen Terry, born under the star that danced, let her

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sparkling spirits play over the little stage in a few of her loveliest Shakespearean scenes.

Motion pictures were dropped from the programs of the Playhouse not because their value was minimized, but because more interesting experiments were clamoring to be tried. The Playhouse was growing so fast that it had to exclude in order to expand. In 1917 it had outgrown its school and workshop. A building in its rear had to be added to its producing plant, where to this day almost every branch of stage work is housed. In the most literal sense everything on the Playhouse stage is therefore "homemade."

In 1920 the Playhouse made a new departure. It became a full-fledged professional theatre, with a permanent company, recruited partly from its own players, and a modified repertory plan, presenting half a dozen bills each season, with seven performances a week. The amateur dancing groups still appeared in choral festivals and ballets—though now, after their long apprenticeship, they were amateurs only in the sense that they gave their services freely.

The repertory, ranging from sociological drama such as Galsworthy's The Mob and Granville Barker's The Madras House to ultra-modern psycholgoical drama, such as H. R. Lenormand's Time is a Dream, in which one swings into the fourth dimension, maintained the cosmopolitan tradition. Russian, Spanish, Irish and English plays share the hospitable stage with such native authors as Robert Gilbert Welsh, Susan Glaspell, Eugene O'Neill and Percy MacKaye.

This range of interest extended to the field of music where the Spanish court-ballet in burlesque, The Royal Fandango, introduced the Spanish composer, Gustavo Morales. Charles T. Griffes, a young American composer, came to the front in The Kairn of Koridwen, a festival. The interest in drama of sociological significance shown in The Mob and The Madras House had its parallel in the production of Salut au Monde, a new art form perfected in 1922. Founded on Walt Whitman's rousing invocation, this composite lyric and dramatic festival fuses music, poetry, choral dance, light, color and movement into a new synthesis of rare spiritual meaning. Presenting in recurrent symbolism the rituals of five great religions, Salut au Monde, with mankind as its hero, brings to the hearer the universal religion of humanity and the brotherhood of man.

The same catholic interest and courageous spirit that led The Playhouse to welcome the early musical productions of young Griffes before his untimely death, brought Thomas Wilfred's Color Organ to the knowledge of the world, with its fascinating studies in the forms and rhythms of the vibrations of light and color. Again, only last season, An Arab Fantasia, dramatizing the mood of river, desert, city and mountain, interpreted in music, dance, pantomime and color the spirit and alien culture of the Mohammedans.

In the field of scenic design, too, this experimental theatre has found that it is blessed to receive as well as to give. Here Robert Edmond Jones has assisted The Neighborhood Playhouse designers, and Ernest de Weerth, Warren Dahler, Aline Bernstein and Esther Peck have been free to try decorative conceptions, from the symbolic to the atmospheric and the expressionistic, in poetic drama, grotesque ballet and revue.

Recognizing the artist as a mediator between the spirit and the material of daily life, the Playhouse has established friendly contacts between drama, literature, music, science, and its audiences. It invited Roshanara, interpreter of Indian dances; the Pueblo Indian dancers, and the Japanese, Michio Itow and Kimura, to display the art of primitive and exotic races in an occidental country. Rabindranith Tagore and Madame Tchekova of the Moscow Art Theatre Company have addressed its audiences; and a director from that famous organization, Richard Boleslawsky, was given the opportunity to show his experimental work with a group of students trained in his laboratory methods.

Only an organization of singular breadth of view, daring and humor could venture as much and range as far as the producing staff of The Playhouse. To Alice and Irene Lewisohn, directors and instructors in diction, pantomime and dance; to Agnes Morgan, director, playwright, product of Radcliffe and of Professor Baker's first classes in what later became the famous "English 47" at Harvard; to Helen Arthur, whose generous humanity and sympathetic love of the theatre and of acting drove her from commercial Broadway to a more inspiring work in the East Side—to these The Neighborhood Playhouse owes its freedom from convention and its willingness to try everything once, like Jurgen.

THE present season marks the third departure in the experimenal career of The Neighborhood Playhouse. Playwrights, actors, dancers, musicians and designers have brought their gifts to the community there and have received inspiration, training and encouragement. Now the audience, as a creative listener, is to be drawn into the circle of forces that make the theatre. A permanent audience, tolerant, cultivated and large enough to support a varied repertory of classical dramas, modern psychological plays, satire, and lyrical and dramatic forms still somewhat inchoate, must be created slowly.

The theatre is a composite art form in which the dramatist, the actor, the dancer, the designer, the director, and the audience play their parts. The weak elements in the American theatre today are the director and the audience.

Audiences, unlike poets, are not born, but made. Knowledge and intelligence, understanding of literary, dramatic, and histrionic laws and traditions, discriminating critical taste are not acquired over night. Here America must again learn from the example of the Continental theatres. The Odéon in Paris, the municipal and state theatres of Austria and Germany, found the secret of training audiences for the best in the theatre long ago. A repertory that ranges from Shakespeare and the native classics to musical comedy and farce, with three or four changes of bill in one week; provisions for giving students of preparatory schools and universities special rates and special performances; reduced subscription tickets for groups of workers and other organizations such as clubs of one sort or another—these are a few of the means used to educate audiences beyond the mere crude desire to kill time in the theatre. In Central Europe every city of 50,000 inhabitants or even less has its combined theatre and opera house that draws a public unconsciously trained from early youth to regard the theatre as a necessary part of its cultural life. (*Continued on page* 423)

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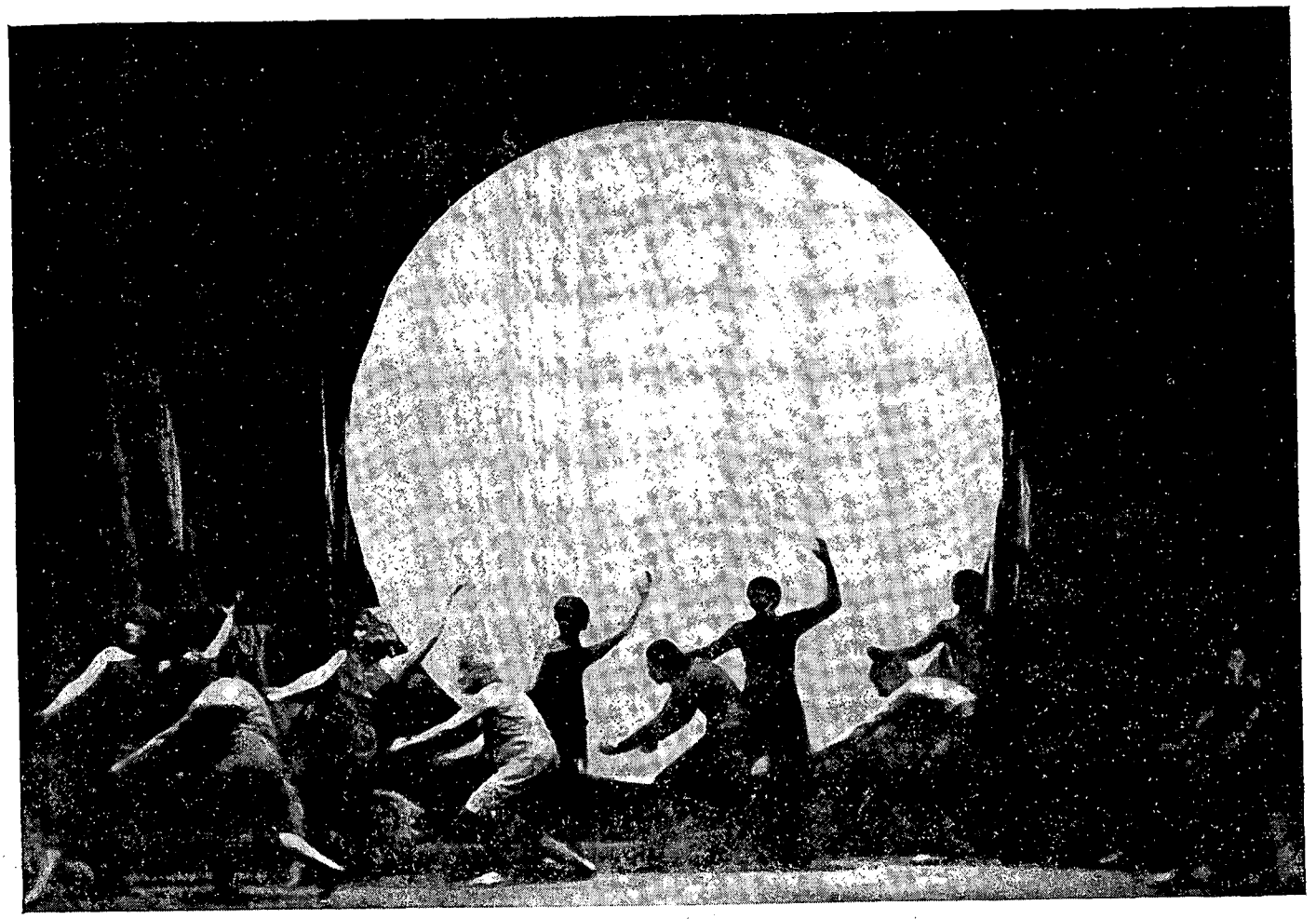

Photograph by Francis Bruguère

Constructiveness. A scene from Salut au Monde

Irene Lewisohn and Michio Itow, wearing the ancient conventional Japanese masks in the production of Tamura, a Japanese Noh play (1918)

Photograph by Marcia Stein

On this and the following pages are scenes from some of the diversified productions given at the Neighborhood Playhouse in the last decade.

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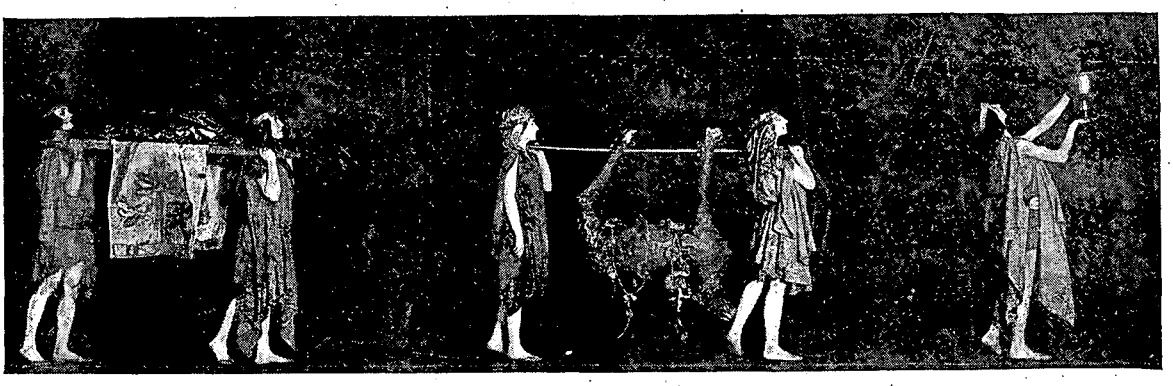
Photographs by Francis Bruguère

Yvette Guilbert in a fourteenth century French miracle play, Guibour. Settings by Robert Edward Jones (1918)



A processional from the festival of Pentecost (1918)

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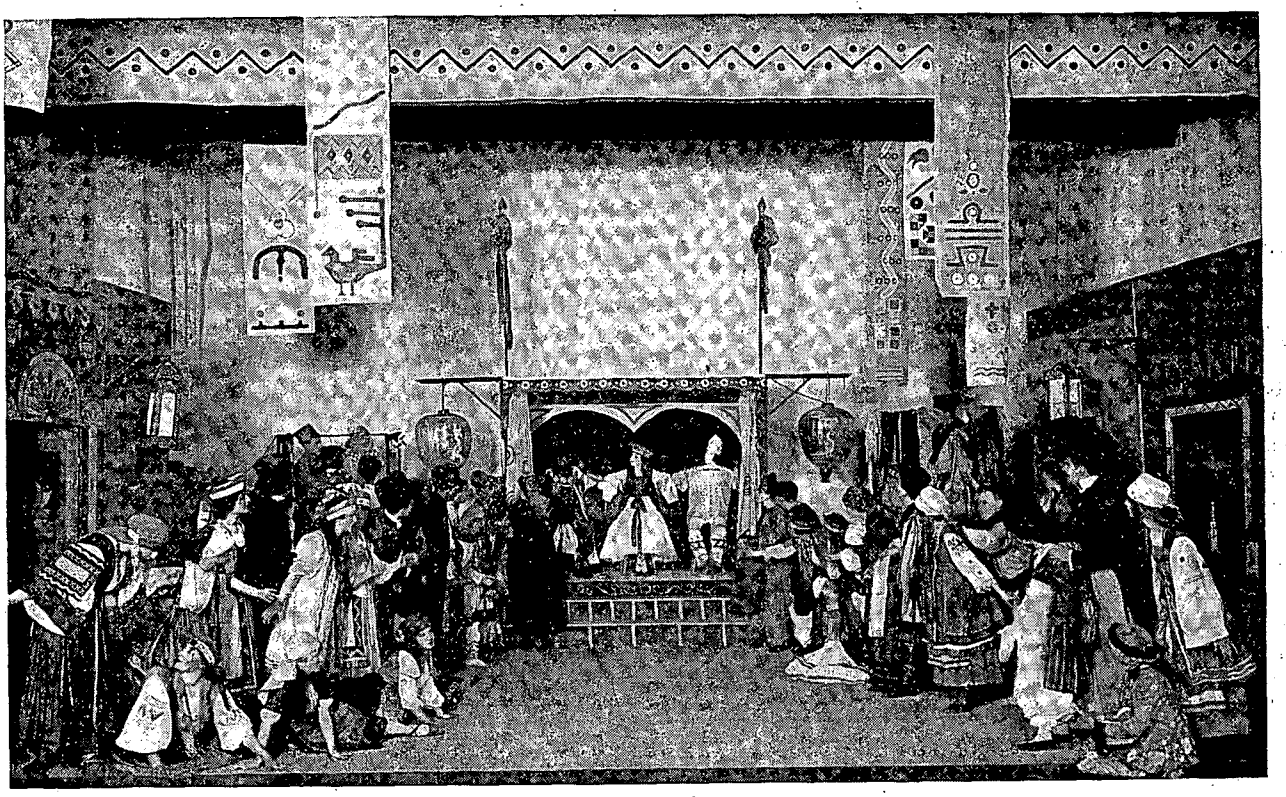

Petrouchka, a pantomime ballet by Stravinsky, was produced in 1915

The Queen's Enemies, by Dunsany (1916)

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The Great Migration

What It Means to Transplant Two Million Greeks and Turks

By ELLEN CHATER

When the treaty of Lausanne was being shaped in the spring of 1923, The Survey said of the proposal to compel Greeks to leave Turkey and Turks to leave Greece: "It is a cruel and stupid solution." How cruel and how stupid it was has become increasingly apparent: a year and a half have passed, and the dreary migration still goes on. Here an eyewitness tells what she saw of it, chiefly in Macedonia

"BUT just where *is* Macedonia?" And then, a little later: "Who *are* the refugees?" And finally a bewildered question: "What *is* the exchange of population?"

These inquiries have been put to me so often since I came back a few weeks ago from seven months work among the children of refugees in Macedonia, that I begin to think there should be some simpler answer to the questions than can be found, by even an earnest seeker after truth, in the files of parliamentary papers or of the Lausanne Treaty.

Where is Macedonia? There comes back to me the glory of mountainous Thessaly, a hundred and fifty miles north of Athens, through which we sped in the Continental Express one day last February. Where Thessaly ended, there—till 1912—Greece ended; and beyond lay the possessions of Turkey in Europe—Turkish for four hundred years, but before that time known as the ancient Hellenic provinces of Macedonia and Thrace. Since the close of the first Balkan War, however, Greece has held the greater part of these lands, and we flew on another hundred miles northward, through treeless flats bordering the Thermaic Gulf, to the second largest city in Greece, Salonika, officially known as Thessalonika.

Again I hear the *"Sal pays!"* of a Frenchified Jugo-Slav as we alighted in the bitter February dawn in three inches of mud upon the sordid station platform of the capital of Macedonia. Huddled against the outer wall of the building, among vaguely shaped masses of emigrant bundles, I made out a crowd of miserable figures.

"Prósfuges, men who flee from an enemy: refugees," explained some one with a sigh. The clear phrase of Xenophon stirred strange memories. It seemed that they were waiting some chance to depart to the northwest of the province, to Berea or Edessa.

The light of great names struggled dimly to me through the cold, wretched darkness; Paul, going on foot from his prison at Philippi to Thessalonika and Berea; Philip and Alexander, those matchless barbarians, issuing from Edessa upon conquests that sighed for more worlds to Hellenize. For Macedonia is a surprisingly large place, covering some twenty-five thousand square miles, and stretching three hundred and fifty from the eastern area around Kaballa where Philippi once stood, through rich tobacco fields and treeless hills to Salonika, and one hundred and fifty more to the beautiful western country around Edessa and beyond.

But I knew nothing of Macedonia that February morning except what could be seen as we jogged behind two bony horses over the muddy cobbles of the Salonika waterfront. There at a dock lay a fine Greek liner bound for Constantinople and Marseilles; along the quay nodded a hundred archaic, gaily painted, little wooden ships looking for all the world as if they were just back from Troy; the hillsides over which this Greek city stretches were starred with white minarets; and above our heads the upper stories of the city buildings were still mournfully gutted from the fire that devastated Salonika during the Allied Occupation six years ago. Across the gulf showed the dim, lovely shape of Olympus in far off Thessaly. Such is the capital city of Macedonia: a city of great future perhaps; certainly of an ugly and chaotic present; but never in all its history a place that men's minds have loved to dwell upon.

ALL Greece and the Islands are crowded with refugees, but Macedonia because of its proximity to Asia Minor is the general landing place, the center of distribution, and we had gone there to see them and their condition. They were not far to seek: underfoot everywhere in the streets, shuddering in rags; standing in endless, dejected bread lines at the four soup stations of Dr. Nansen's Committee of the League of Nations, and at the eleven kitchens of the English branch of "Save the Children"; at those kitchens alone there were being fed in the city over eleven thousand refugees—mostly children, and thirty thousand more in outlying places. Twenty thousand were crowded into six refugee camps on the outskirts of Salonika, and all through the country, settlements of tents and other temporary shelters marked the places, where new villages would rise in time. Nearly a million and a half refugees, destitute or nearly destitute, had come in, and quarter of a million were still due. A quarter of a million Turks had gone out, and as many more were yet to go.

It was increasingly strange to me that so little had been said in the American and English papers of the gigantic spectacle of misery that we saw. Old churches, mosques and schools were crammed with inconceivable thousands of families, carrying on life in spaces eight feet square with a bit of matting or a blanket hung to separate them from the next family of five or six persons. We stood in the bitter cold and rain on the stone floor of one mosque where a hundred families were crowded together. In nearly every little square, men and women sick from cold and lack of food, lay rolled in bankets on the ground: no fire, no work, no hope. The noble old basilica of St. Dimitri, where several hundred families were wedged into the wooden galleries, was

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A Summons to America

THE American conception of conditions in Greece is erroneous, because they have never been put in possession of all the facts. They are not aware that the Refugee Settlement Commission [organized by the League of Nations], of which I was chairman, is restricted to use its funds for "reproductive purposes," and is prevented from spending any money for temporary relief or any other charitable purposes. Although the entire £10,000,000, the proceeds of the loan, are now at the disposal of the Commission, it is still a physical impossibility, on account of lack of transportation and other causes, promptly and successfully to establish the entire million or more refugees who have inundated old Greece on farms or in suburbs of the larger cities.

While the Commission is endeavoring to carry out a three years' program, these poor people are neglected, and are suffering from exposure, hunger and sickness.

It is a great misfortune that the impression should prevail in this country that the need for helping these people has ceased. The American Red Cross should be persuaded by those of us who know the facts that the emergency created by the expulsion of the Greeks from Turkey still exists. It is the duty of the American people to relieve this situation because the American Government was one of the nations which influenced the Greeks to send their army into Asia Minor. Their present plight is entirely due to that adventure.

HENRY MORGENTHAU

a shade less freezing. Here we saw a few fortunate people cooking things over tiny fires of straw and twigs, but the thought of what a conflagration would mean in those lofty old wooden balconies crammed with family life, sent us away in a kind of terror. We went into the dark hallways of the three story office buildings near the water front. There each black corner had its family. In one, a thin young man lifted a bundle out of a bit of cloth hung as a hammock, and held it up to us pleading, *"Kalò, è?"* (Isn't it a nice baby?), *"Must* it die, do you think?"

In another black corner we saw a man sitting as if dumb on a stool, a woman on the floor and five small children playing a mournful little game. They lived in those holes all winter, and even in the summer were hard to move, for in the heart of even Salonika there was some chance of picking up an odd job. Under a bit of rusty tin roofing slanted against the wall of a brewery we came upon a half crazed old woman and her daughter. There they had existed for three winter months unremarked in the general calamity.

We went with the intelligent young Greek secretary of the League's Committee, Mr. Vapiades, through the refugee camps. Three had belonged to the allied armies and the barracks were strongly built. But one must always remember that most of Macedonia, like the rest of the Near East, is absolutely stripped of timber and that wood is so precious that even the poor charcoal they burn is imported. So the barracks had been dismantled, after the Allied Occupation, of window-frames, doors and flooring, and we found the fifteen families assigned to each barrack camping in the mud in undescribable misery.

The first two days I spent in Salonika were like a haunting, incredible nightmare, but after a few days more, my chief feeling was admiration and astonishment at the refugees themselves and at the overworked, humane Greek officials. They were all so uncomplaining, so courteous, so good tempered; and when the least opportunity did arise, so quick to seize it, so intelligent. How often, in this land of the oldest democracy in the world, were we amused, and instructed, by the perfectly fearless point of the view of the individual Greek. However destitute, he is the natural born equal of every other man, capable of a naive disregard of officialdom which in certain republics would be frowned upon.

AT first, in the midst of this shifting of uprooted peoples, with all one's preconceived notions of Turk, Greek and Armenian smashed to bits, it was hard to get the historic facts clear. It was too vast and tragic a spectacle to grasp and catalog all at once. It was always hard to remember that Greece had been at war three years before we had, and for four years after the Armistice was signed; and that at the close of the Balkan wars, in July 1914, while we were still at peace, arrangements had been concluded at the suggestion of Mr. Venizelos for a mixed commission to supervise a post-war interchange of the Greek and Bulgarian populations left on the wrong sides of the new frontiers. This first attempt to solve the bitter question of national and religious minorities in the Near East by a deliberate and orderly exchange of population was, of course, cut short by the outbreak of the Great War. It seems, however, to have been well thought of. "A constructive, humane scheme—probably among the minor triumphs of Mr. Venizelos's statemanship," is the comment of Arnold Toynbee writing in 1921. Had he finished his valuable book later, amid the welter of what we were witnessing in 1924, I wonder what he would have said of the wisdom of this second exchange of population.

In 1915 and 1916, after the Armenian massacres, thousands of those unfortunate people fled in terror to Greece, their nearest Christian neighbor, and were given refuge. About the same time, the Turkish military authorities,

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alarmed at the thought of having Greece enter the war on the side of the Allies, began wholesale deportations of the Greek communities in Asia Minor, and instituted the dreaded levy of forced labor battalions among all their Christian minorities. There was an instant, tremendous exodus to the mother country from all the Greek settlements of Anatolia, settlements which had lived in traditional peace and prosperity in the Turkish empire since the days of Turkish Conquest. In the same year, from the expatriated multitudes of the Russian Revolution came thousands of refugees to Serbia and Macedonia.

"But why," I often asked Greeks, "when you had so many refugees of your own, did you let these Russians and Armenians come in too?" Always, the answer was the same: "In such suffering and misfortune what can one do?" Whatever pages of modern Greek history may not be glorious, the page of her generosity is a shining one.

Finally, after the close of the Great War and the collapse of the brief Treaty of Sevres, came the sack of Smyrna in September 1922; and a new flood of destitute and terror stricken Greek refugees poured across the Aegean. The little country with six million inhabitants, with nearly a third of its government machinery only ten years old, had been invaded, according to the statement in the Lausanne Treaty, by "almost a million people who have left their productive employment in Turkey and are without possibility of securing other productive employment in Greece."

So terrible was the suffering of the Greek communities in Turkish territory between 1917 and 1922, so bitter the retaliation upon Turkish villages in Greek moments of triumph, that there was inserted into the Peace of Lausanne in July 1923, a clause providing for the "compulsory exchange of Turkish nationals of the orthodox Greek faith, and of Greek nationals of the Moslem faith," the property of these involuntary emigrants, except such as they might choose to carry with them, to constitute a government debt between the two countries and to be liquidated by the mixed commission. Roughly speaking, the terms of the treaty meant that a million more Greeks must leave Asia Minor, the Black Sea, and Thrace for Greece; and that more than half a million Turks must leave Macedonia and other Greek territory for Turkey.

This proposal came from Dr. Nansen, representing the League of Nations: it was based on the precedent of the Greeco-Bulgarian Exchange, and the Greeks who were at the peace conference wished it. It was felt that the "very considerable hardships" it involved "will be less than the hardships which will result for these same populations if nothing is done." For us who live in this western world where a native land is a more or less fixed piece of territory, the whole arrangement seems monstrous; but in those countries where frontiers have become as scraps of paper, and where minorities have suffered indescribable horrors, it seemed to the best men working in the situation, the wisest solution.

THE wisdom of it all lies with the future upon the knees of the gods. But we, who saw it in operation every day, all day long—and longer—for seven months, could never connect wisdom with it. Necessity perhaps, not wisdom.

In February we saw well to-do Turkish families mournfully jolting down from their picturesque old quarter in Salonika, leaving their carved jalousies to waiting, destitute Greeks. We heard them salute their neighbors in Greek, while our Greek refugee coachman warned his horses in Turkish to get out of the way.

As the spring came on, the Turkish camp of tents near Lembet was filled and unfilled by the thousand every week. It was well kept; the Red Crescent refused offers of help; and fortunately the summer was dry. Every morning on the Lembet road we met interminable processions of Turks arriving or leaving: whole villages on foot, all the women carrying babies and veiled far more orthodoxly than in Constantinople; or riding in ox carts, seated on great household bundles wrapped in brilliantly dyed homespun woolen blankets, the elders with immaculate white cotton folded around their tarbooshes: gaily dressed, decent farm people, uprooted from their ancient homes.

Those with whom we spoke had no wish to leave Greece. Some of them did not even understand when our Greek teachers from Anatolia spoke to them in Turkish. The departing Turks replied in Greek: "We have never seen Turkey. Why should we wish to go away?" We heard that there were some who replied, "Turkey calls me!" We never met those, but in all that confused coming and going we never witnessed the least evidence of racial hatred or, indeed, any particular racial self-consciousness. Greeks and Turks were mutually friendly and sympathetic. Not even in Kaballa where the city literally resounded with the bleating of sheep and goats which the Turks were taking with them, leaving the country stripped of live stock, did we see any evidence of resentment.

During the summer, every railway station, and even the open fields were brilliant with temporary camps of the populations of little Turkish villages. Hundreds left by train every day, and thousands every week by boat. Those boats of the Turkish government were crammed as the slave ships must have been. It was literally impossible to step between the human beings seated on every inch of deck and inside space. I do not see how they lay down to sleep. There was no shelter from sun or rain outside. In what condition did these friendly sunburned men and women, with their throngs of tired little children, reach the Black Sea ports, five or six days away? Probably in as pitiful a state as the refugees who entered Greece; often we heard sent at the end of their journey, by some official blunder, on long marches in the interior to villages that had never existed at all.

The Greek ships, if possible, were worse: they looked from the shore as if they were swarming with flies. I cannot count the number of times I have heard Greek children answer thus:

"Have you a father and mother, Stavros?"

"None at all."

"Your father died?"

"In the war in Turkey."

"Your mother?"

"At Mikre Karaburnou."

Mikre Karaburnou is the landing place in Salonika for the refugee ships—a grim comment on the journey from Turkey.

All the Greek children, without exception, spoke Turkish. I see before me, in one of the fresh thousands of Greeks that reached Lembet, two pale little boys dressed in Turkish fashion, wistfully lingering near the school door:

"What are your names, children?" (*Continued p. 424*)

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Should Young People Study Themselves?

By DONALD LAIRD

MOST knowledge for most of us has unfortunately had to be gained in the third person neuter. All my life I have been a great pursuer of knowledge. Never was it so fascinating and beguiling to me as it became after I found that you could study yourself—as well as the Romans and Greeks, paupers and dog anatomy, light and the roots of flowers.

The notion of Pope that the proper subject for the study of mankind is man long since put the human element to the fore. But still knowledge remained tenderly depersonalized. It was humanized, but in terms of the other person; it still remained for it to be personalized.

This is, of course, not because we are interested less in ourselves than in others; more likely it is the social result of tender-minded teachers who have feared lest they offend by becoming personal, or of zealots who have pursued truth for truth's sake and woefully neglected the realities of their lives and the lives of others. In contrast, it is personalization that makes the sales of self-help systems so phenomenal. And this same eagerness for knowledge that is personally helpful rather than curiosity-satisfying may become a powerful incentive in the class room as a threshold to life.

WHERE I first got the notion—or why, or how—that my own field of psychology was gruesomely in need of personalization, I do not know. Perhaps my reading of A Mind that Found Itself as a student, while the book was still moist from the presses, may mark its genesis. Or perhaps the beginning might be traced to the keen disappointment that I felt after intimate acquaintance with the first courses in psychology in four colleges.

Or perhaps it goes back to the summer following my reading of Beers' book when as a student employed temporarily as clinical assistant in a large mental hospital I obtained personal data from five youths of my own age who had been brought to the hospital almost before the commencement addresses had had time to fade from their ears.

These student catastrophes were undoubtedly furthered by the academic heritage of depersonalized knowledge. The boys had studied everything listed in the catalogues, but the most important thing was not listed—themselves.

NINE summers later I chanced across one of these students. An assistant physician was showing me through a mental hospital. We were walking through a ward in which about thirty old men were sitting vacantly rocking. As we passed one chair its occupant rose, extended his right hand to me, held the other high above his head, stared blankly across my face at the wall, and in a whisper said, "Mr. Laird."

The ward physician told me that in the five years Charles had been in the hospital that was the first time he had been heard to speak. I recalled from the case history which I took that he had been on the college debating team and had taken class honors in his freshman year. Here he was now—silent, living at his new level with twenty-nine mildly demented old men, prematurely old in appearance himself, yellow and stern, rocking from sunrise to sunset.

Could this have been prevented if his psychology courses had been personalized?

THAT fall, a group of medical students asked me to talk to them on behavior problems. The first evening after our informal and frank discussion one of them apparently with something on his heart that he did not want the others to know about, introduced himself to me. I was struck by the family name. It took me back to the mental hospital nine summers before to another of the young graduates whose cases I had studied there.

"How is Elmer?" I hazarded.

He glanced around to see if others were near, then he replied.

"He is home now. Has been for not quite two months. But the folks think they will have to take him back soon. You know he was home for a short while three years ago, but it was not the place for him. I am afraid he will have to stay when they take him back this time."

Then he added ambiguously, "That is why I am studying medicine; I want to see if I can do something to prevent such things as this."

He was taking his courses in the first person, although his teachers probably rambled along in the profanely classical fashion, teaching truth "for its own sake."

I wonder about the other three. Perhaps I shall cross paths with them some time. One of them at least should be restored to the community in good health in time, if statistics hold true for this small group.

I wonder, too, about the other young people who had their grips on the future cut viciously across by similar causes that year, and the next year, and the next. Is it without end? Surely a personal knowledge would help!

THESE instances may give a distorted picture of the behavior problems of young people. Those problems are not limited to "breakdowns" and suicides. They are just as vitally concerned with the nebulous, but none the less real, characteristics that are called personality.

Take Nancy, for instance. She is a college senior now. When she entered college she was "rushed" by one of the sororities, but deliberately spurned its offers. Her four college years have been marked by only one or two "dates." Still she has lied continually about affairs, confessing to hair-raising intrigues with married men.

In confidence she stated that she had always wanted to belong to a sorority; that she had always enjoyed and wanted the company of boys, but had assumed an attitude of cynical unapproachability to cover her sentimentality.

Ideas began to run through her head so she could not sleep. She felt tired all the time; she had many sexual

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dreams. She had the false impression that some of the campus leaders were trying to harm her socially. She became disgusted with her teachers, with college education, with life in general. At times she felt as if she were not her old self, and was greatly worried about it. She said she *could* sit still without fidgeting and worrying, but she usually *did not*. It became difficult for her to study since "other thoughts" kept popping into her already wrought-up head. She carefully planned and seriously contemplated a spectacular suicide.

THEN there was Ralph, who had been a favorite and all-around athlete in his home-town high school. At the university he was no more prominent than any other substitute on the second freshman teams. To his room-mate he complained that the coach was against him. Shortly after this he began confiding to the same companion a low opinion of the beauty and morals of the college girls. His next complaints were lodged against his instructors.

As time passed he began to talk in his sleep and had several severe nightmares. A little later he began wandering around by himself at night, staying out till late in the morning. Gradually he ceased to associate with other men around the campus and would sit in his room in a half-hearted, dejected attitude, gazing blankly out of the window. Before the close of his first freshman semester he unexpectedly left the university.

Nancy had her difficult adjustments ironed out, and graduated to enter teaching rather than the idealistic-artistic career she had planned with the guidance of her pernicious mental adjustments.

Ralph left school and entered into the everyday activities of life with no one but his room-mate to suspect that he was anything but "ornery."

Who is to blame, Ralph or third person knowledge?

ALGEBRA, formulas, essays, theories of money. What do these and the other atoms of an alleged education contribute toward an understanding of oneself? True enough, they may be the scaffoldings with which a formal education is built, but it is equally true that they contribute nothing toward laying the foundations for a healthy personality throughout life, and that should be one of the goals of knowledge.

Discipline committees, social ostracism, parental advice—their contributions, as many cases I have studied clearly show, are oftentimes positively harmful, rather than simply neutral.

CAN we look to the teaching of psychology for this personalized knowledge?

The eye, the ear, the nose, the tongue. How animals learn and how cats catch mice. Conception, judgment, reasoning. How to sell chewing gum and how to teach. This is an epitome of the usual course in psychology.

Did you find your personal knowledge greatly illumined by them? And what do they contribute toward any young person's understanding of himself? I cannot discern, neither can the students, and the professors frankly say that is no part of their plan. They are still in the third person, and the emphasis falls more often on rats than on humans.

I have tried, with considerable success, the experiment of using a first person course in psychology on young people. We cast off the fetters of a stagnant tradition. Physics, physiology, and philosophy—without which the orthodox course in psychology ceases to have being—were left to their respective professors for elucidation.

This left us the modern mechanistic psychology. Human motives, their thwarting, their struggle for expression, their potency, and their vicissitudes were the topics we discussed. Not a general discussion, after the principles were once enunciated; the burning realities of life, especially the lives of young people, were talked over in the light of the newer currents in psychology.

Each one read Brill's Introduction to Psychoanalysis, Coriat's Abnormal Psychology, and Outwitting our Nerves by Jackson and Salisbury. The first few meetings, while the students were still trying to get their bearings in this tangled reading, we followed through with Prince's Unconscious.

Most of the class time was spent searching for and discussing incidents and reactions of later adolescence that paralleled the principles and cases taken up in the reading. We read in the third person, but talked in the first. Soon it reached the point where there were no assigned readings; they could not keep pace with class discussion. So we started on the journals. The students read in the third person still, but thought in the first.

ROSE had been a frank, open-hearted girl in preparatory school, with many friends. At college she appeared very happy and gay. But she soon came to see through her gaiety.

She had been accustomed to a very social life, and was the youngest child, greatly indulged by her father. Now she was living with relatives with a horizon so narrow they could scarcely see across the breakfast table, and an outlook on life that began and ended in Genesis. They selected new friends and pastimes for her to conform to this narrowed view of life. They looked upon amusements she had been accustomed to as wicked; those she had taken innocently as a matter of course now were taboo.

She became morbid, moody, sarcastic, and bitter, although outwardly she maintained a mask of happiness. She had headaches and nightmares, experienced dizzy feelings upon getting up and long sieges of uncomprehended crying; she shivered at unexpected moments as if in a chill.

Then came our experiment in group discussions of first person psychology. Toward the close of the experiment she told a friend: "I love to go to these discussions. They give me a free feeling that I have not had for ages. They help me to think that perhaps I am not really wicked. Even, my hatred for my relatives has changed into sympathetic understanding, now that I think I know why they have the attitudes they do."

Capitalizing a morbid interest?

No!

Just an everlasting interest and a healthy interest in oneself, and instilling a personal knowledge that will give a more resolute faith in oneself and the amenities of life.

You could not have listened to the earnest discussion of this group of three score young people without realizing that this was the most personal thing with which they had yet come into contact. Their previous knowledge had been acquired in the academic third person. They had discussed

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the pauper, the prostitute, the other fellow and inanimate things; now for the first time they found that there was much to be learned about themselves.

BOOKS that were annotated on the margins bore witness of thoughtful perusal. I chanced to pick up one of the student's books towards the close of our discussions. On the margins of the early portions were notes such as: "mother," "Dorothy," "Dr. L." Third person knowledge, again.

Toward the close of the book, however, appeared the following:

"Why do I detest my classes with ——?"

"Why do I take pride in being a debater?"

"Am I too much introvert?"

"Is my repulsion by ——— a displacement?"

And beside a paragraph dealing with persecutions she had cryptically penciled the single word, "mother."

THERE is no gainsaying that the first person knowledge "took" so far as the students' interest was concerned. But did it perhaps lead also to pernicious results? Did our single brief course leave them in an introspective, self-conscious state? I weighed the chances soberly before embarking on the adventure. But the results were the opposite.

It is true enough that all passed through a period of unusual self-inspection and uncomfortableness early in the experiment. That is only what one would expect when young people for the first time begin consciously to study themselves. It was not long, however, before this resistance to personal knowledge which gave rise to the self consciousness passed off, and they came to look with a smile upon their earlier scruples and foibles.

They did not leave the last conference thumbing their nose at humankind; neither did they worship man as divinely perfect. They had more sympathy with man and his problems—not social, political, or economic problems, but the problems of men and women—than their teacher could possibly have helped them to gain in any other way.

WILBUR is for me living testimony that this personalized knowledge took. He was majoring in psychology, and came into the conferences as a visitor, since he had heard rumors of the new angle from which we were approaching things. He had one of the highest intelligence scores that had been made in the school, and yet after six years' attendance upon classes he was not able to complete the usual four-year course.

This discrepancy between his intelligence and his scholarship was due to his complete and intentional neglect of all work that was *required* of him by his instructors. When note books had to be completed by a certain date, Wilbur's was always missing. When it was implied that anything had to be done, it wasn't. Examination times usually found him either sleeping all day long or spending the period at a *solo* table in some converted but not reformed saloon.

The stilted points of honor by which he justified his course and the crooked game of solo by which he was aiding himself through school were plainly avoiding the real issues. In a five minute conversation he would invariably ring in at least that many rules of conduct, all apparently very deliberated and ethically toned. He began to study similar conduct in others. Then came his awareness of the striking similarity between his case and theirs. Immediately there was hot denial; then his moral code was again called in to win the battle for him. His repressions did not want to be uncovered. He sought me out several evenings for help. Next, he left the solo tables, possibly because he lost consistently for a week, possibly because of a Mah Jong set at the fraternity, possibly for other reasons.

Wilbur had always recoiled at his father's authority, which was exercised with a stern hand. . . . He is more socialized, now. When written work is required he is one of the first to have it completed and on the instructor's desk.

I MIGHT continue our Methodist testimonials in detail. I might tell about the son of a well-to-do family who refused their aid and was going through college on his own efforts, with a warped personality, a facial tic, and a proud record of two nervous breakdowns. He entered the group under advice and left it restored to the parental fold and on the plus side of the social ledger. Or of Hubert who lost his reputation as the contrariest cuss on the campus during the experiment, or of Willard who lost his open antagonism to athletics. A personalized psychology got some of the kinks and handicaps out of them and out of a dozen of their fellows.

How long will knowledge continue to be husked in the third person? It has been depersonalized far too long already. Is it an exaggeration to say that the education of your son or daughter is successful in proportion to the understanding it gives them of themselves, or that life is rich and of most usefulness in proportion to the personal knowledge of those who live it?

I have not the least doubt. Theoretically, as a proposition in pure psychology, young people should be able to study themselves to advantage, both to themselves and to society. I have found that they can.

The Stain

By MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

Some men told falsehood; some, the bitter truth,
Who found a stain upon your shining youth.

I watched the lamplight, where it wove
A pattern of pale rose and mauve,
That turned to splintered golden bloom,
The lighted frescoes of a room.
But underneath the painted frieze,
Through tinted arabesque of trees,—
Gold, shadowy beeches, straight and tall,—
A stain had darkened half the wall.
And only when the lamps were out,
And morning put the gloom to rout,
The marred thing was explained aright,—
It was a shadow from the light.

There was a stain upon your lovely youth;
What is the truth?

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What Has She Done With It?

"Dressed Beef"

By MARTHA BENSLEY BRUÈRE

I ONCE knew a cow named Maude—a sleek, shiny cow of a pleasing bisque shade, perfect as to horns and with a tail like a willow plume. She was a gentle cow of the non-hooking, non-kicking variety, but her milk was creamless and limited, her offspring tended to pass on promptly to a better world, and no amount of food would put fat enough on her bones to make it worth while to slaughter her. Her chief economic function was consumption and she lived to be served. The hired man fed her morning and night, turned the hose on her, led her to a shady spot under a maple tree for the day. Intermittently he went through the form of milking her, but Maude was an inherently leisure-class cow and the results were inconsiderable. She used to look over the fence of our playground and wheedle us out of apples and bananas that we wanted for ourselves. A thoroughly unprincipled cow, quite worthless in a stage of society that expected anything tangible from her race and sex. But Maude radiated charm and we loved her. If she ever died it must have been of old age.

"WHY don't you take up the problem of domestic service and tell us where to get good, honest, conscientious maids? The wages they ask now are perfectly outrageous and they don't half earn them. There simply won't be any homes in America if this goes on!"

When I opened this letter from a New England woman a few months ago I seemed to be listening to the voice of Maude. For it has been some time since the old insistent voice of her who feels that she has a divine right to be served has been heard in our great cities. Mostly city dwellers have disconnected their domestic machinery from the muscles of some strong young female of foreign extraction, and either personally supplied the motive power, or connected it up with some source of energy as impersonal as an electron. It doesn't give us the same sort of domestic establishment we had before but it provides something we are getting used to. We eat in health, sleep in cleanliness, rise in warmth—and begin over again next day! In spots the non-parasitic home seemed almost a reality.

But here comes a report issued by the Women's Bureau on Domestic Workers and Their Employment Relations which makes it plain that this desirable state is not by any means achieved. This study is based on the records of the domestic Efficiency Association of Baltimore—a city where the Negro population is very large. Their records show that although there are white servants in Baltimore, two-thirds of the applicants for positions were Negroes and three-fourths of them were women. So that in general the problem of domestic service is one of the colored woman working in the house of the white woman—a woman's problem all around.

For a long time this has been true of the territory south of Mason and Dixon's line—a hang-over from the days of slavery. But the great Negro migration northward which swelled to significant proportions in answer to the call for industrial workers during the war, and which is still a rising tide, is making the situation in Baltimore typical of large sections of the North. All up the Atlantic Coast to Boston, west across to the Mississippi River and sometimes beyond, the problem of domestic service, instead of being solved by social reorganization—cooperation in such activities as can be performed outside the home, and the installation of electric power through which brains can do the work of muscles—threatens to be dropped back into the unskilled hands of another race.

An educated and intelligent colored woman in Washington told me last year the proportion of self-supporting women of her race was rapidly increasing, and that more than half of them were going into the kitchens of white women. The sighs of relief over this comforting fact solve no problems. We white American women have tried the lazy trick of dropping our domestic drudgery on the broad backs of a succession of alien races before now but they have always slid from under and we have had to pick it up again. My pioneer great grandmother was her own servant; my grandmother had the superfluous daughters of a neighbor as "help," my mother relied first on the Irish, then on the Swedes, —I began housekeeping with what seems to have been the last of the Slavs and proceeded to the exploitation of the black and yellow races; my rapidly marrying flock of nieces relied on domestic science training, the electric cook stove and the cooperative laundry—until the new tide of blacks came in. Now the chance to blackslide is too enticing!

But if the chance is typified by this report on Baltimore it is not as happy as it looks.

Two-fifths of those who applied for work were refused because they could furnish no satisfactory references. It was apparent that there was considerable restlessness and dissatisfaction among the applicants as two-fifths of them asked for work different from what they had done before. Apparently the domestic workers of Baltimore change their jobs often, since 66.4 per cent of the women had held their position less than two years and 52.2 per cent less than one year.

Pleasant prospect for the backslider isn't it! Let me quote the report:

> The increase in the number of women in the professions whose activities call them from personal performance of domestic duties, the growing tendency of married women to work outside the home, and the quickening interest of thousands of

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women in public and political matters which take at least part of their time and attention make for an exceedingly intricate situation. . . . The two factors affecting the situation in this country more strikingly than in others are the traditions and ideals of democracy and the mixture of races. The principle that all men are born free and equal is largely responsible for the eschewing by many citizens of a form of service with which are associated subserviency and a social stigma. . . foreign-born persons newly arrived in this country in many cases are not unwilling to enter domestic service, but eventually they make an effort to break away from it.

And fortunate for them that they do, for the significant investigations of Mary Conyington some years ago showed that in no occupation open to women were the chances of serious crime so great or the standards of morality so low.

That investigation of hers is a lifting of the veil from the situation as it was when women thought their housekeeping problems were solvable on the old basis. Their premise was,—we must have servants in order to preserve the American home. Their proposed method of solution was to train servants to the job. So they busily established training schools for maids, club houses for maids, recreational centers for maids, educational courses for maids, on the theory that since maids were necessary their job was to produce them.

And then came Miss Conyington's report, showing that the cost of maids was so high,—not in money but in morality, citizenship and ultimate dependence,—that the United States, rich as she is, could not possibly afford them. For she showed that more than three-fourths of the women serving prison terms of a year or more,—and that means that they had been convicted of serious offences,—came from the ranks of domestic service. Not the stage, dear to the hearts of our grandmothers as the sink of all iniquity; not the factory, hot-bed of revolutionary crime; not the office, shadowed by insidious temptations from unprincipled employers, could in any way compete with the family kitchen as a hot-bed of crime! And this condition was not confined to the cities where morality was generally supposed to be low, but was as true of the small towns, and even of the open country!

Her report was a considerable blow to those who were struggling to bring the supply of domestic servants up to meet the demand. In itself, it would not have hand any appreciable effect, but taken together with the instinctive objection of the maids themselves to their job, and the coming in of a vast array of mechanical devices as servants' substitutes, together with the electric power to operate them, the number of women engaged in domestic service was greatly reduced between 1910 and 1920. The situation became extremely hopeful,—for the potential maids and for a community that desired to raise the level of its citizenship. But now we are in danger of going back to that situation previous to 1910, and this largely because of the northern drift of the Negroes.

DO we American women have to parasite on our sisters any longer? Only if we are ignorant or lazy. There are plenty of places where we are intelligent enough not to—Waukesha County, Wisconsin for one.

This is a dairy county, somewhat suburbanized, and busily occupied in supplying Milwaukee with milk—a place where Maude wouldn't stand a ghost of a show. It is an almost servantless region, though prosperous, and it is abundantly supplied with electric power at a fairly cheap rate. They use from four to six times as much electric energy as is used by farmers in the surrounding states. I have the record of the electric equipment in forty-two Waukesha homes.

More than half of them cook on electric ranges; more than 80% of them use hot plates, toasters, grills, waffle irons or percolators. More than half of them wash by electricity, and all of them iron by it, and they curl their hair, fan themselves and sweep their floors in the same impersonally vicarious fashion. Now this means that the part of their job which is operating the domestic machinery need not take them more than three and one-half or four hours a day—and no woman with a half-time job like that needs any one to help her do it!

The women of Waukesha can count on their electric servants so long as the coal supply and the petroleum supply and the fuel alcohol supply last, and the rivers of Wisconsin continue to run. What are ideals of democracy, social distinctions or a wish to better its condition to the electron? And so the Waukesha women can have at least half a day for other occupations—for a profession, for such part of the dairy business as is suitable to the human female, or for the bringing up of their children if they have any.

OF course there aren't so many children as there used to be—just as there aren't so many domestic servants.

The latest contribution to this subject is a pamphlet published in September by Paul H. Douglass, late of Chicago University, called Is the Family of Five Typical? Professor Douglass advances the theory that if a man's wage is determined on the supposition that he has five people to support, when the fact is that he has either more or less than that number, the measure of what he needs would appear to be inaccurate.

Now quite aside from the question as to whether a man's wage should in any way be dependent on the number of his children is the incontrovertible fact that his wife's free time is very largely governed by the number of small children she must bring up. Professor Douglass quotes the results of investigations in England, France, Belgium and the United States. In his conclusion he states:

> The majority of the workers have fewer than a wife and three children. In England. . . probably at least two-thirds of the married have either no children at all or only one or two. In the United States. . . somewhere between 50 and 60% of all married workers had less than three children. . . The statistics for other than English speaking countries indicate that the same general tendencies that have been stated apply there although the details naturally vary.

So it would seem that among the workers where large families were formerly taken for granted, the average number of children is less than three. It would seem, too, that a worker's wife needing only four hours to run her domestic machine might care for two children and still have leisure to

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do some of the things she led the community to expect from her when she asked for the vote.

SHE can do these things and sometimes she does. She's just done one of them in Cincinnati. In this year of a Republican landslide she swung the election against the Republican ring in control of the city politics to the extent of giving the city a new charter. It was a good job and it was worked this way:

Cincinnati has been in the grip of its "ring" for years. The fact that it was a Republican ring had no significance whatever—it wore the earmarks of New York's Tammany and Chicago's Grey Wolves.

It was black as one of those old fashioned mourning rings before the women's good job was done. Its members bayed as loudly and as much in the open as the Grey Wolves, and for a long time the only defence the people had was to vote down all bond issues so that they would have less to grow rich on. This left the city in a perilous way—whole blocks without police protection, a fire department pared down below the safety point, streets unrepaired.

And then a charter committee was formed, not of organizations but of citizens—men and women who drew up a new charter providing for a city manager to supercede the mayor, and a council of nine members elected at large by proportional representation to take the place of the old council, which had members from all the wards nominated, elected and controlled by the local representatives of the Ring.

They told me this week in Cincinnati that it was the women who electioneered that charter through, and the aftermath of the strenuous fight was evident everywhere.

"No, I can't come to lunch—I'm right in the midst of the fall house-cleaning—I couldn't even start on that till the election was over."

"I didn't realize how much time that charter committee had taken till I thought of Christmas and that I'd been too busy to get a thing done!"

That charter committee has no illusions as to its work being done; eyes were opened wide at the mere suggestion of it. Efficient housekeeping either domestic or municipal is not acomplished without supervising. The committee is preserving its organization and engaging an able woman to keep the eyes of the public on what their servants are doing.

Incidentally it wasn't the young generation impatient to get something done *now* who won that fight. It was the older women. "Mother" and not "Blanche." And what a chance for her to miss!

But there's plenty to be done in Cincinnati still; Blanche can work her fingers to the bone if she wants to; for the city is set like a murky jewel in the tarnished silver coils of the Ohio River. It would make a marvelous belt-buckle for a giant with a subdued taste in personal ornament. The steep facets of the hills which cut the city do not flash and sparkle as they should, the green trees in the park do not glow clear green in the spring nor bright brown in the autumn, the new paint in the business center does not keep its color.

"You should see it when the sun shows purple through the haze!" they told me.

If Blanche does her part of the job, I may yet see the sun shining on Cincinnati through no haze at all. But right now Cincinnati almost sits on the coal mines from which she draws power for her industries and disregards the fact that she is in process of disappearing under a new carboniferous deposit.

"But we have a smoke committee!" a newspaper woman told me.

What they need is a committee to prevent the coal ever getting into the city—to change it into electricity at the mines—a committee on smoke prevention rather than cure. Something analogous to Pennsylvania's Giant Power Survey, which is busy on a plan to cut the domestic drudgery in half, to clear the sky of smoke, and rescue even Pittsburgh from the greasy, slimy layer like black butter which is spread upon her. And now's the time to do it for the new charter has been won and bonds are to be voted, and with the police department and the fire department and the new streets might so easily come the beauty of cleanliness!

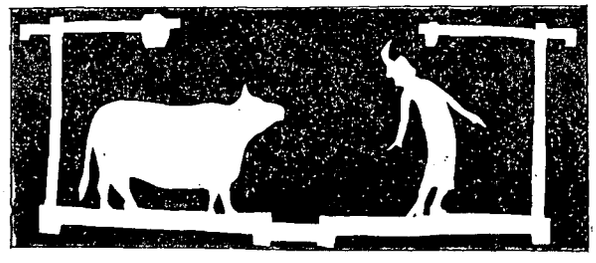
It's hard to think that these practical things are expected of us now—other things have been expected for so long! But we have got to become new beings in a new world—even Blanche is under the obligation.

AT the International Live Stock Show the other night, I sat in front of a pretty clinging little woman escorted by two lank stock men. It was a strange setting for one whose chief function was to radiate charm! As she called the trotting horses "pretty" and the milch cows "cute" and laughed at the big feet of the draft horses she sounded like something of the past. Finally there came slowly toward us across the tan bark ring the great prize short-horn steer. Ponderous, systematically overfed, deliberate, the fat pendulous on his furry sides, a figure in profile like a packing box on legs, great still eyes under drooping long-lashed lids, leaden footed, ruminant.

"Oh, isn't it beautiful!" rippled the silver thread of her voice. "Look at its expression—just as gentle! Oh, see its eyes! They're *sweet!* Isn't it a love!"

The outraged stock man beside her cleared his throat. "Sadie," he began, and he tried to summon the kindness the American man thinks due his female relatives; "Sadie, it don't count—his being sweet and your loving him. And that look in his eye is being pretty near asleep. The thing that got him the ribbon is just how much the judges thought he'd weigh out in dressed beef."

That's more or less what we're up against—we women. Being pretty and gentle about the eyes is no longer enough. We've got to face the judges on the basis of how much we'll weigh out in real brains, of what our available energies will tot up at, and just what we're worth in the scales of the society we've created.



Not Maude but the prize steer—and no sex discrimination intended!

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Things Outside Their Work

By ETHEL KAWIN

In Blind Alleys (Survey Graphic for November) Miss Kawin told how the movement for vocational guidance had failed to face the basic conflict between what boys and girls wanted as normal, living persons and what they found to do as wage-earners. Here she explores some of the roads toward a solution of that conflict

THERE was Mary. Mary had come to this country when she was nine. She was fifteen when she graduated from elementary school. Mary was one of the eager ones. She explained to me smilingly that her family could not possibly afford to send her to high-school, and that she would have to have a job. There were two tears she couldn't wink fast enough to catch, so the smile didn't fool me.

I urged her to learn a good trade. In our vocational work, we seldom encouraged girls without some high-school training to attempt office work. But she soon convinced me that her schooling was not yet ended, and I got her a job at "general office work," which seemed to be what she wanted. Mary was one of those cheerful souls who always insist upon finding the silver lining. She was eager and willing to work, and nothing was too hard for her. She didn't know just what job she was aiming for in the end, but felt confident that as she gained experience in an office and continued to educate herself, there would be many interesting avenues of work opening up to her. She studied typewriting at night, and I helped her choose books to read and occasional lectures to go to so that her general knowledge might be broadening along with her technical equipment. Becoming a typist had been a definite goal to strive for, but after she achieved it, she found that it increased only her earning capacity. It really wasn't any more interesting, as work, than filing had been. The logical next step seemed to be dictaphone operating. In the office where she worked, such operators were rapidly replacing stenographers. So Mary learned to type her letters from dictaphone records, and rose several dollars higher in the wage-earning scale.

It happened that after that I didn't see Mary for a very long time. I missed seeing her. No one could have helped growing fond of Mary. Then one evening I met her, with books under her arm—obviously coming from night school. After we exchanged happy greetings, I asked about the books. She explained to me that she was taking a course in psychology and one in the history of English literature. Of course, I was surprised and interested. But Mary's explanation was something of a shock to me.

"You see,"—and I missed the old gay note in her voice—"I used to think the thing to do was to keep on studying things that would advance me in my work. But I've tried one job after another, and I can't seem to find a really interesting one. Writing business letters all day long gets monotonous almost anywhere after the first week's novelty wears off. Of course, there are some interesting secretarial jobs in the world, I'm sure, but you can't get those unless you've had a college education these days. I earn pretty good money as a dictaphone operator, so I just decided to stick at that and do things outside my work that are interesting. . . . Now this psychology course—it's simply great! And each term I get new courses in all sorts of subjects at the People's Institute, so I'm going to keep on going there, even if what I learn isn't any use to me on my job."

MARY is only one of many instances that I might cite, but she will suffice as illustration. Industry has become automatic not alone in the factories. The same quality has been creeping steadily into the offices, where dictaphonists make their inroads against stenographers, and comptometrists against bookkeepers. In this day of hyper-specialization, it is beginning to cast its shadow even over some of the professions. What the automatic age requires is an ever-increasing army of men and women whose eyes and ears, backs and hands and feet, may be hired to operate machines. Industry has become a giant power whose most important auxiliary factor is human labor. The perfection of a worker as an attachment of modern industry depends, in the majority of cases, on how completely he can surrender himself to the time and rhythm of some machine and its functioning. If he indulges in his personal desires and impulses, he is apt to hinder the machine. His job is to supply whatever human faculties the machine lacks. He may have to see for it, hear for it, lift for it, pull for it or walk for it. In most cases the machine sets the pace and dictates the manner in which these operations must be performed. According to *its* needs the worker must use his eyes and ears, back and hands and feet.

But every pair of eyes and every pair of hands is a part of a personality—a psychobiological unit, compounded of body and "mind" and a something that through the ages has been recognized and designated as "spirit" or "soul."

Are we to go on expecting that when the young person enters industry, he will take into it with him only his eyes and ears, his back and hands and feet, and a part of that functioning process which we call his "brain," leaving all the rest behind him? What is to become of this remaining "self"—this psychobiological organism with its needs and desires and ambitions, this *personality* which demands outlets of creative experience and expression? In it are basic instincts that hunger for new experience, for recognition, for response, for security, for beauty of one kind or another. Does industry offer satisfaction for these crying needs? We ask of education that it develop in our children qualities of mind and spirit that establish individuality in their

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possessors and produce desirable social reactions to the world in which they live. We say that we wish to develop in the child a capacity to be himself. And then we turn him into an industrial world that offers him no opportunity to express this self. Which are to be the outlets for those capacities which the factories and shops and offices cannot use?

Vocational guidance should answer this question, but vocational guidance has hardly even heard it. For the most part, it has thought of children as workers, and dealt with them on this limited basis. As a result it has accomplished little in helping them to resolve those inner conflicts which modern industry by its automatic nature tends to produce. What we must do if we are to help "guide" children, is to think of them not only in terms of prospective work, but in terms of personality. We must try to help them resolve their conflicts so that they may live unified lives. If Mary is to remain a dictaphone operator, then she should be wisely guided into other channels of interest for her leisure hours, so that her hunger for new experiences, her desire for learning, and other aspects of her rich personality may find satisfying ways of expression. Can such results be accomplished?

Several answers to this question have been offered.

THERE are many thinking people who believe that the increasing automatization of industry is inevitable. To struggle against it is futile, they tell us; the only intelligent course is to recognize it, accept it, and to plan our lives accordingly. Work for most people must be an inescapable drudgery,—a monotonous routine performed by the worker because it provides the wherewithal to meet his needs. The work of the world must be done in order that the business of living may be maintained. Responsibility for this rests on every member of society and should be shared by all. If it were, we are told, short hours of labor would then be possible for everyone; and a four or five hour working day of even routine labor is not an unendurable hardship. Accepting industry on this basis, educators would cease to stress "education for work," and instead our schools would educate for citizenship and a profitable use of leisure time. The creative spirit which can find no outlet in the routine processes of industry, might then find satisfaction in art, music, literature, community activities, dancing, athletics, gardening, and wholesome recreational activities of all kinds.

Here and there one finds individual vocational advisors who take a deep personal interest in some of their boys and girls. (Under present conditions almost no advisor could find time to do this for all of the young people whom he is called upon to direct.) In such cases guidance may be extended to some of the child's leisure activities. But one does not find in the vocational movement itself any systematic effort to include in the program of guidance consideration of even such limited hours of leisure as young workers now have, much less any concerted effort to establish the short-working-day plan just discussed. In fact, there is not even any general agreement as to its wisdom or possible efficacy. Perhaps this plan might prove a solution for the problem of industrial unrest, but it is not a simple one. Whether it is possible to compensate through one's avocation for the monotony of one's occupation is a very debatable question. The personality that is benumbed and cheated at work cannot be expected to express itself in a noble and beautiful leisure, unless ignorance and poverty are eliminated from its environment.

ANOTHER plan that is rapidly gaining support today is that of granting workers a share in the management and profits of industry. It is argued that such participation will lend an intrinsic interest even to the most routine work, and offer opportunity for creative expression to those individuals who possess it to any considerable degree. If this concept of workers' participation were generally accepted, education would have new lines along which to develop. What the young person should have if he is to share in the responsibility of managing an industry would be a most comprehensive economic training. He should be given a background of industrial history and a long view of the evolution of human labor that would help him to orient himself and his job in the world of modern industry. In most cases brief courses of technical training would suffice for the job itself, but the education which he would really need would be training in the technique of industrial management. He must comprehend the system of which he is a part, and be prepared to meet modern labor problems with intelligence.

Only a very few feeble efforts along this line can be discerned in the vocational field. From the beginning, most vocational organizations have felt obliged to hold aloof even from the problems of union organization, because their placement bureaus were dependent for their success on the cooperation of employers, and it was deemed wise to remain entirely "neutral" wherever such questions of labor policies and principles were involved. In addition, the best vocational bureaus have either originated in the public school systems or aspired to become part of them, and it has generally been felt that for that reason also, they could not undertake any investigations or activities that might be interpreted as being "sympathetic" to either one side or the other in the struggle. Here and there one finds an exceptionally progressive vocational organization trying to give a lecture or a study course that will acquaint young people with the economic background and structure of the present industrial system, but, for the most part, practical vocational guidance has not been allowed so much as to rub elbows with shop committees, trade unions, or any other experiment in workers' participation.

A more hopeful outlook lies in a combination of the two plans discussed. Many believe that industry thus modified would begin to be really "fit for the child." This point of view has been expressed by Helen T. Wooley, for many years one of the foremost workers in vocational guidance, in a talk on The Routine Job and the Routine Child. "The human being who spends five or six hours a day at a mere routine, but a routine whose purpose he understands and whose product he shares, and who has five or six hours a day free for some creative work of his own which he has been trained to do, and for recreation, can probably reach a higher stage of development than the former skilled artisan."

BUT there are many who question whether even a combination of short hours of labor with education for leisure, and a share in the management of industry, will afford the individual worker opportunity for satisfactory expression of his personality. They contend that as long as man's "instinct" toward variation is repressed by the

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machines themselves, the ill effects of monotony and routine will be inevitable. Most of them recognize the futility of following William Morris and becoming "voices crying out in the wilderness" in urging abolition of machines and a return to the old handcraft system. But they insist that some method must be devised by which the concrete job itself will again become interesting to the worker. Their contention is that the machine was invented by man as a labor-saving device, to relieve him of the burden of tedious and difficult work, and to increase production. It must be made to serve his ends—to bring satisfaction for his human needs; it must not be allowed to dominate and stifle his individuality.

Little consideration has been given by vocational workers and their organizations to these points of view. Unfortunately, the challenging spirit of the early days of the movement gave way to a general acceptance of industry *as it is*. To accomplish any practical work in the world there must be a very considerable amount of acceptance of things as they are. Surely no one would encourage a handful of vocational workers to think that they can make over the industrial order. But if we are to have any progress, we must retain the challenging point of view. By continuing to insist that "industry be made fit for children" (and by this of course we do not mean the very young child), we may hope eventually to secure gradual modifications of the present industrial order which will give to *work* a satisfying place in the scheme of living. But this is almost certain to be a rather long, slow process.

There are many, however, who say that this point of view about the young worker is "sentimentalizing," that one must be careful not to "idealize" the "average" boy and girl. They contend that it is quite right that most jobs should be routine jobs, because most workers are "routine" workers. Their usual concept of the routine child is the child of inferior mental ability. They cite endless statistics on "I. Q.'s" to prove that according to "intelligence tests" the great majority of workers rank in the mentally inferior group. The figures they quote range all the way from the data of the United States army tests to the results secured by testing American school children in groups and as individuals, from coast to coast.

The arguments based on intelligence testing are unconvincing to me. These tests have definite values, but they also have, at least at the present, very definite limitations. They test primarily intellectual speed and accuracy, perhaps also certain other abilities that pertain to "intelligence." But the psychologists themselves have not reached agreement as to what is the exact nature of intelligence, nor is there complete harmony in their statements as to what the tests do actually measure. The most generally accepted definition of intelligence is probably that of William Stern —"general mental adaptability to new problems and conditions of life." (In this is usually implied ability to utilize what has been learned in past experience in meeting the new situation.) But tests that do not measure emotions and traits of temperament and "character," nor take into account the life-history of the individual under consideration, cannot possibly rate accurately his ability to meet "new problems and conditions of life." Unless tests can do these things (and it must be admitted that they do not as yet do so satisfactorily), how can they be used as criteria for judging the life-reactions of any individual *as a human being* to an automatized regime in industry? For the assumption of a set level of ideals for him and the determination of his ultimate career, something much more closely approaching a complete personality study of the individual must be considered.

Many concrete examples are also cited to prove that the "average" worker welcomes routine. For example there was Lucy. She could not get beyond the fifth grade in school, and so was obliged (under the child-labor laws of her state) to stay there until she was sixteen years of age. She couldn't "learn" and hated school, but triumphantly reported after three days on her first job, "Gee! I've got the swellest job! All I do all day long is put dirty collars into a hole in a machine, and they come out at the other end all washed and ironed! And every Saturday night I get ten dollars for doing that!" Many employers argue that when they try to relieve the monotony of routine jobs by changing workers from one mechanical process to another, the workers resent even the very simple adjustment required to do a slightly different task.

There are large numbers of "Lucys" among boys and girls, and among men and women. Surely those of us who have done vocational guidance work among the unselected children from the public schools of a great city are familiar with this type. Many of them remain contentedly year after year in well regulated industries. But the terrific labor turnover prevalent in large factories testifies to the fact that many workers who prefer automatic processes demanding the minimum of effort on their part quickly tire of their jobs, and aimlessly seek a new experience.

Furthermore, so far as I can judge from my personal experience with several thousands of unselected children, "routine" children are not in the majority. Most boys and girls would like interesting work to do. It is industry itself that ultimately turns them into routine workers. And the employer who tries to break monotony, by shifting them from one mechanical job to another, cannot expect that they will welcome these changes with alacrity and gratitude. After all, for routine he is substituting merely—more routine. But in reality the effects of routine upon people are not known. We are just beginning to understand a little about the reactions of human beings as psychobiological organisms, and we are only in the alphabet stage in our study of the problems of human behavior. The time is ripe for intensive scientific studies that will throw light upon some of these problems of modern industry. It is quite certain that a limited amount of routine is not harmful to anyone. At what point or under what conditions does it begin to dull mentality or to produce harmful conflict of one sort or another? What ought we to know about a human being to help him make satisfactory adjustments with work as a harmonious factor in his scheme of life?

ANOTHER angle of approach may help young people deal with the industrial world so as to get greater satisfaction out of living. In the light of modern evolutionary concepts, the individual is a biological organism that should be able to adjust to, work with, and modify his environment—not to accept it as final, but never to abandon it. Not only may situations be modified, but human beings also. Modern social science is evolving new techniques for changing fundamental attitudes and habits, ways of

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reacting to life. Thus far vocational guidance has scarcely dipped beneath the surface in this realm of possibilities. What happens to the young worker in industry today? Most of the instinctive needs and demands of his personality are denied expression in his work. During his hours of labor they must be repressed while he remains a mere automaton upon the job. He tries to find satisfying outlets for them in his hours of leisure. As a violent reaction against the monotonous routine to which he has been subject, he usually turns to hectic, exciting amusements out of which he hopes to get a compensating "thrill." Others of perhaps a more sensitive type cannot seek their satisfaction in such fashion, and they withdraw into a sort of reverie, hoping to find their compensations in a dream-world of their own creation. Neither method of escape is satisfying. In many cases the mental health of the individual becomes impaired, or his moral and social fibre is destroyed.

Modern psychology and psychiatry have taught us that a very important part of the art of living consists in keeping one's personality unified. Any splitting up of the personality, through unwise suppression or dissociation, is dangerous to the individual. There is probably no royal road to complete integration of personality. Life is a continuous process in which each new experience must be integrated as it comes. A well-integrated personality is organized about its master-motives. Tendencies that are usually subordinated may break away from these controlling master-motives occasionally, but ultimate unity must be maintained if the mental and moral health of the individual is to be preserved. How can the young person be helped to eliminate the conflict he finds in himself between his function as a wage-earner and his function as a normal living person? To achieve a wholesome and happy life, there must be a balancing of yearnings, desires and ambitions on the one hand, with resources, opportunity and actual performance on the other.

So vocational guidance must study the young person as a whole, of which his working self will be a part. It must study the individual not merely for his skills, not merely for his intelligence quotient. His physical health—the foundation for all the rest—is entitled to first consideration. We should know something of his heredity, his environment and his life-history. We are interested in all the soul and spirit and mind for which we can get concrete facts, but primarily we should study his reactions to concrete situations, so as to keep our feet on the solid ground of *fact*. What are his assets and his liabilities, his capacity to use the assets and to overcome or compensate for the liabilities? What are his habits of "learning" and their flaws—his emotional problems, his capacity for satisfaction? How does he get on with his fellows? What are his interests and ambitions and ideals—personal, educational, moral, religious, social, civic, political, economic? Has he any special skills and aptitudes? How can he balance his yearnings and ambitions with his abilities, opportunities and his actual performance? The intelligence tests of psychometrics will be helpful in determining levels of certain abilities, as will also various kinds of vocational and special ability tests, but the standard we should set before us in the study of any person—child or adult—should be some such complete personality study as the above questions suggest.

Most education has failed in the past to make any conscious effort to help the student understand himself. Whatever equipment he gained to help him cope with the forces within himself and outside of himself that formed his life-problems was a by-product of education rather than a consciously-sought result. People of vision are gradually awakening to these facts. Efforts to supply this lack in education are beginning to be evident in the rapid development of personnel work in colleges and universities, and in the growing demand for programs of mental hygiene in all grades of schools, from the nursery schools to the universities. Both movements show the increasing recognition of the fact that the end of education is not merely knowledge, but preparation to meet the problems of life.

THE selection of a vocation is a problem of great importance. No individual can make a wise choice of work without a knowledge of occupations on the one hand, and some understanding of himself on the other. Therefore, in advocating the use of personality studies in vocational guidance, one may well stress the fact that a study of one's self made for this purpose is a very natural thing; it avoids the danger of a forced, artificial, morbidly introspective kind of self-analysis. To learn to consider himself—his capacities and limitations—in relation to possible vocations, will help the young person to get away from the subjective point of view in so far as possible, and to be "objective" about himself. This sounds paradoxical, but in reality it is not. To learn to view one's self objectively will be a great asset all through life. The first step toward any modifications or controls of industry that may ultimately solve the problem of industrial unrest must be to give the individual worker this self-understanding and self-mastery.

My own experience and observation have convinced me that no one can tell another person what kind of work he ought to do, but we can *help him to find out* what kind of work he is fitted for and wants to do. The person who has gained some understanding of his own personality will have a much more intelligent point of view with which to consider the occupational information supplied by vocational counselors. Continuous investigations of industry and analyses of jobs must be carried on to gather data about occupations. Some vocational organizations have this process of job-analysis fairly well under way by now, but too much stress cannot be laid upon this phase of vocational guidance. The data gathered should be founded on fact, and should be examined with the utmost honesty, no matter how unpleasant that task may be. One of the supreme adjustments which life demands of human beings is that of a satisfactory adjustment to work. The minimum equipment which every person needs to make this adjustment is as complete and accurate a picture of work as we can obtain for him, and as comprehensive an understanding of himself and the rest of life as we can help him to get. This is a tremendous program—difficult, perhaps impossible, of complete achievement, but such is the ideal toward which we must direct our efforts. To isolate the problem of work and guide a child into it, is inadequate. The problem of work must be studied in the setting of life itself. The goal should be not vocational guidance, but *educational guidance*—guidance for living, in which vocational information and counselling play an important part.

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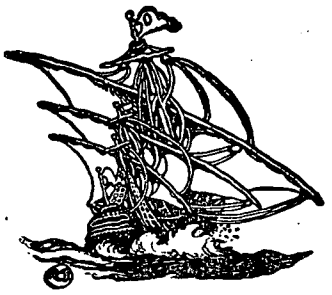

EDITORIALS

FEW of us have that clearness of mind and leisure of heart which enable men to live serenely without clinging to the dogmas of hate and enthusiasm and moral judgment which are the support of timid souls. Albert DeSilver, whose life was snapped short in a railroad accident on December 7, was one of those few. He had little faith in the power of society to chart and follow a conscious course. "It seems to me," he wrote in an unfinished letter to an intimate friend, "that human activity (except in a very few fields) is always at loose ends; that it is always on its way but that it never knows where it is going." To those who did not know the life behind it, the impression of that statement might be negative. But Mr. DeSilver had an abiding faith that human activity *was* on its way; and that that way stood open when there was tolerance and friendliness and understanding for every man. Hence his work for the conscientious objectors, though he would not have chosen their course for himself; hence his generous gifts of time and money and personal service to the American Civil Liberties Union, to the National Bail Fund for political prisoners; to funds for the defense of members of the I. W. W. convicted under the Espionage Act, though he did not subscribe to their economic creed—or to any other. While thus he ranged far from the traditions of his earlier friends, he held their friendship and their respect; it was only a spirit of wide horizons which could encompass his work for the economic pariahs of the country and the chairmanship of the Legislative Committee of the New York City Club. Through the bitterness and suspicion of the war years, and at the very points where intolerance and injustice bit the deepest, there probably was no one whose integrity stood unquestioned as did that of Albert DeSilver, no one whose ready sympathy and exact unswerving intelligence so carried the confidence and affection of men of the most diverse opinions. Those of us who remember that never-failing cheerful smile of his hardly see how we can do without it, for back of it lay brave, free qualities of heart and mind such as we shall not soon meet again.

TWENTY-five years ago the first juvenile court opened its doors in Chicago. Fifteen years ago the first Institute for Juvenile Research began its work as a direct outgrowth of the experience of the Chicago court. At that same time The Survey, celebrating the court's first decade, called upon the men who were then leaders in the new movement to set forth its gains: Bernard Flexner, Judge Julian W. Mack, Judge Harvey H. Baker, Judge Ben Lindsey, Henry W. Thurston, Homer Folks and others.

This month in Chicago (on January 2, 3 and 4) a Citizens' Anniversary Committee is holding a series of public meetings to celebrate again the progress that has been made through the juvenile court and through scientific research to deal with the problem of the boy and girl who doesn't fit. The purpose of the whole machinery of court and probation—though the details have changed with experience—is still as Judge Baker stated it in The Survey for February 5, 1910: "to put each child who comes before it in a normal relation to society as promptly and as permanently as possible." But the program for these anniversary meetings throws into relief two interesting developments of the quarter century.

The first is the appearance of the woman judge. Judge Mary M. Bartelme, who sits on the bench in Chicago, is with her colleague Judge Victor P. Arnold, an honorary chairman of the committee of arrangements and will preside at one of the sessions. Dr. Miriam Van Waters, referee of the Los Angeles court, is one of the speakers at a dinner in honor of the attending judges. We cannot call the roster here of all the women who hold responsibility in courts for the protection of children and the adjustment of family difficulties but their growing number has been a factor of no small importance in the progressively wiser service of those courts to the girl delinquent—a problem which Mr. Thurston recognized in his survey of the Chicago court fifteen years ago as then being more difficult than probation for the boy.

The other is the shift in emphasis from what was at best an intuitive process on the part of the court, reinforced in the early years by a probation system in which there were few traditions and almost no trained personnel, to the painstaking scientific inquiry of the psychiatrist. The importance of psychopathic study of delinquents had been felt during the first decade of the Chicago court; hence the Institute of Juvenile Research. The work in which Dr. Healy pioneered has flowered beyond all forecast; the memory of Judge Baker is now perpetuated in a similar foundation in Boston; the Commonwealth Fund has held its demonstration clinics in the north, east, south and west; and we are beginning even to realize that there is need for study and care of the child as a malleable personality long before the stage when it is fair to call him a psychopathic problem and very long before he could be classed under the law as a delinquent. Yet, in the words of the committee, "the psychology of delinquency is so new" that one of the features of the program will be a symposium on "foundations of behavior" in the hope that through a scientific synthesis "new understanding may appear." It is the adding of new resources to all forms of child care that makes the outlook bright today for the juvenile court—and the brightest hope of all, though still a misty one, is that it may become obsolete. Already the juvenile court is the point at which our penal

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machinery has become most flexible; it may be the first part of the whole unhappy system to be reshaped under the creative influence of a genuine social therapy.

NO LESS than their city cousins, country people need that kind of supervision of water, of milk, of communicable disease, of the health of school children, and the education for health of all ages, which to be effective in a community, must be planned for the community as a whole.

Yet on January 1, 1924, only about one in seven of the rural population of the United States was protected by a local supervision of health under the direction of a full-time health officer. The effort of Cattaraugus County (see page 387) to use the resources of the Milbank Memorial Fund and the State Charities Aid Association, aided by a Technical Board and an Advisory Council representing the foremost American experts in the special fields, to evolve a technique and a self-supporting program for health in a rural county, is one of great moment in the achievement of the public health of this country.

The first county health department under the direction of a whole time health officer was organized on June 1, 1911, by Guilford County, North Carolina. By 1920 the total number of counties with this system had been increased to 109; each year since then has seen a substantial addition until now the number for the whole country stands at 250. (See map, page 390.) But there are 2,850 counties in the Unted States which are rural, or rural in large part. Ohio heads the list with full-time supervision of health for 57% of its rural population; the only other states which provide for as many as 40 per cent are Alabama, New Mexico and North Carolina.

North Carolina, the pioneer of the whole project, has evolved an effective system of state cooperation coupled with local responsibility and initiative. Before 1917 all the funds were provided locally, but subsequent legislatures have made it possible for the state to subsidize the counties which establish and maintain a full-time health department by as much as $2,500 annually, provided the county expends at least an equal amount. Only $1,000 of this is granted unconditionally; the remaining $1,500 is made conditional on the ability of the county health department to show items of complete work—such as vaccinations against smallpox, nursing visits, school inspection and follow-up and the like, equivalent to the total of its expenditures in money. The cost of each type of work, carefully administered, has been evaluated, as a kind of measuring stick of successful accomplishment. In this way the central state administration is not responsible for the details of local work, yet is assured the funds granted by it are being employed to good advantage.

The principle of a subsidy to stimulate local initiative and responsibility is one which has been used effectively in the county health field also by the United States Public Health Service and the Rockefeller Foundation. In 1925 the Rockefeller Foundation contributed toward the budgets of 173 of the counties which were maintaining full-time health staffs.

"Such aid," declared President Vincent in a review of the year's work, "was in no sense designed permanently to take the place of public funds, but merely to help state and local authorities to prove to communities the value, feasibility, and eventual economy of modern public health work."

JUST how productive such grants may be is told in a recent report of the United States Public Health Service. For several years this branch of the federal service has had an apparently meager $50,000 a year to invest in rural sanitation. But the $43,584.52 actually paid out in the fiscal year 1924, for 72 cooperative county projects, was matched by more than twelve to one in money from other sources: $465,185.09 from state, county and municipal governments; and $75,022.12 from local health organizations, local chapters of the American Red Cross, and the International Health Board. In the average county project the Public Health Service aims to make its allotment about one-eighth or one-tenth of the total money made available for public health work in that district.

That this policy of fraternal, not paternal, aid is justified is apparent in the moral drawn by the Service from the sad fate of Vermont. In the reports as of January 1, 1923, 100 per cent of the rural population of Vermont was under full-time health supervision; a year later, that percentage stood at 0. This decline is laid probably to the fact that the ten district health officers in Vermont were appointed by the State Board of Health and paid out of a special appropriation from state funds. Local taxation bore no share of the burden; the local boards of selectmen have no responsibility for the support or administration of the system.

"Had they been partners in the district health business," the Public Health Report concludes, "sharing official, political and financial responsibility for its success, the result of the attack made on the district health system of Vermont in the state legislature in 1923 probably would have been different. The case of Vermont furnishes an illuminating example of a state doing more than its proportionate part in local health service. The result is practically the same as that in a state which does nothing or less than its proportionate part for local health service."

BUT when it does work, it is fine. Take, for example, the health department of Madison County, Alabama, which has been going on for five years. In this time there has not been an epidemic of any of the contagious diseases (except influenza), which is attributed to improved sanitary conditions, prompt reporting by physicians, and proper measures of control, both in general and of the patient. The main lines of the department's work in 1923 included sanitation, safeguarding of the milk and meat supplies, malaria control, a county laboratory for all sorts of analyses, child hygiene and school health work, (7,546 children examined, for example) hygiene of maternity and infancy, a clinic for venereal diseases, a program of health education, and such

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miscellaneous bits as 282 examinations for life extension, 327 physical examinations for marriage, 276 children for work certificates, 1,581 complete anti-typhoid inoculations, and 942 smallpox vaccinations. All this, for a county which numbers 52,535 souls and covers 811 square miles, cost a trifle more than $19,000. The Public Health Service provided $2,070; the state, $2,619.99; the county, $6,459.66; the municipalities in it, which are included in the county administration of health, $4,813.38; and other agencies, $3,119.70.

"A program of health work," declares the Public Health Service, "can be carried out on the cooperative basis in most rural counties in the United States at a cost to each county readily within its means, and in accordance with what logically should be its desires for public health service. . . . By good business management, every dollar invested in the enterprise can be made to yield a remarkable dividend in the protection and promotion of human health and in a money saving to the community amounting to many times over the cost of the service."

TRADITIONAL, rule-of-thumb management in industry made a fatal slip, back in 1881 or 1882, when the authorities of the Midvale steel plant, Philadelphia, permitted a young gang boss to organize his responsibilities after a fashion of his own. When Frederick L. Taylor was permitted to substitute his early beginnings in scientific analysis and organization for the older rule-of-thumb processes industry all over the country, all over the world, indeed, should have seen that this was the beginning of the end for arbitrary rule everywhere. There was, after that —there is, now, no permanent stopping place for the scientific analyst until every item of every process in industry is understood and approved by the most adequate intelligence that humanity can produce. And arbitrary, rule-of-thumb management, wherever it persists, waits, on the defensive, the coming of the scientist.

Workers long believed that the whole incidence of the Taylor system was directed to the increase of the employer's profits. For this reason they opposed the system in many places. They should have understood—they have since found out—that traditional methods, attitudes and relationships have never specifically favored the worker.

It may even be that industrial management was first induced to accept the Taylor idea because it seemed to promise increased profits, at small additional outlay. If so, here is another proof that business men sometimes buy either more or less than they agree to pay for. Management should have been forewarned that science is not likely to give up, at any arbitrary wish or command, an unfinished task.

Those early analyses had to do with physical factors involved in specific operations. Management relished this and the workers did not—for the most part. But in those days science had no technique with which to probe any of the other processes involved in industrial operations. And, anyhow, the establishment of the scientific ideal with respect to objective factors and in the elimination of obvious wastes was not an undesirable first step. Waste serves no good purpose; and management must learn to respect science, since, in the long run, the impact of the new method will be most severely felt on the side of management.

The intervening years have provided a new technique. Analysis is now rapidly passing over from the consideration of the old physical processes to the uncovering of those many intimate moral and emotional factors which under all conditions of industry implicate the worker in his work and which help to determine, not alone his present effectiveness in his present work, but also his wider relationships to his whole environment and, therefore, his ultimate effectiveness in the industrial order and his human significance in and to the community which supports and is supported by industry. This new technique is that extension of the psychiatric approach which is coming to be called industrial psychology.

At the December, 1924, meetings of the Taylor Society, in New York City, the significance of this wider analysis was set forth by Dr. Elton Mayo, in an address on The Basis of Industrial Psychology. It is impossible to summarize that address here. It appears in full in the December number of the Taylor Society Bulletin. The spirit of it—its promise for the future of the workers and the standpoint of the emotional release of the workers and the humanization of the whole industrial complex—may be found in the following single quotation:

> Taylor confined his attention, upon the whole, to the problem of irrelevant synthesis or mistaken coordination in our muscular apparatus; there is urgent need to extend this inquiry to discover what irrelevant syntheses of emotions and ideas are imposed upon workers by indifferent education and unsuitable conditions of work. I use the term "worker" here to include proprietors and managers as well as machine operators.

The address was characterized by one of the hearers who took part in the discussion as "the most important message ever delivered to industry in America." As applied to the content of this particular address, the statement may be an exaggeration; but as applied to its import, it was but a simple statement of fact. Arbitrary, rule-of-thumb industrial management is more and more on the defensive. When the management engineer and the industrial psychiatrist have finished their work, every rule-of-thumb cranny in the industrial world will have been cleaned and swept; every traditional and arbitrary management will have been discharged; and industry will have become, under the direction of intelligence and good will, the effective and human means by which the community provides for its inclusive economic needs and desires.

THE successful flotation of the £10,000,000 reconstruction loan for Greece (so attractive were the terms, indeed, that the issue was heavily oversubscribed both in London and in New York) marks the beginning of the third, perhaps the final phase of the most appalling migration of modern history.

With the first phase—the tidal wave of a million refugees who fled from Asia to Greece in 1922, refugees who had to be housed wherever a roof was available, in church or school or theater if need be, and who had to be fed and clothed and bulwarked against pestilence by heroic emergency measures—American readers are familiar. They have

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heard less of the second phase—of the orderly steps taken under the treaty of Lausanne to send Turks from Greece to Turkey and the remaining Greeks out of Turkey into the homeland; of the Refugee Settlement Commission set up by the League of Nations; of the success of that Commission in working out, with limited funds, the technique of establishing Greek refugees on the land and in city trades; and of the negotiations for an international loan which have just come to a successful denouement.

Henry Morgenthau, first chairman of the Commission, outlines the facts as to the loan in a recent interview:

> It was clear from the beginning that . . . philanthropic support could only be a temporary remedy. The definite settlement of these Greek refugees in productive work was evidently the task of the Greek Government. The financial condition of the Greek Government was such, however, that the situation could only be met by a foreign loan and that could only be raised with the moral support and technical help of the League of Nations.
>
> The League of Nations, as in the cases of Austria and Hungary, had the matter carefully investigated, as a result of which a plan for a self-liquidating loan was prepared. . . .
>
> The entire loan is to be administered by the Refugee Settlement Commission with its American Chairman. The Greek Government transfers directly to the Commission about 1,250,000 acres of land suitable for cultivation and development. The value of the land is estimated to be more than £10,000,000. The Greek Government transfers to the Settlement Commission all the proceeds of the loan. . . .
>
> The purpose of the loan is to establish returned inhabitants upon a permanently productive and self-supporting basis so as to not alone prevent suffering on the part of those people, but make certain that they will be able to contribute to the actual prosperity of their own country.

The work of the Commission is now adequately financed. Since it began work a year ago it has already placed on the land some thousands of refugee families and equipped them with ploughs, work animals, and seed grain. It has worked out its plans—a two-room house with granary and stable for each family, a cooperative deal with the whole village which insures ultimate repayment for equipment in addition to the instalments or rent which the settler pays for his land, a like arrangement for setting up city workers with a outfit of working tools. Mr. Morgenthau, having guided the Commission through its experimental months, has resigned; Charles P. Howland, a member of the New York bar with broad international outlook, succeeds him. The Commission has entire liberty of action, and should be able to do a clean-cut job. The success of the plan, it would seem, could be threatened only if the Greek Government, having accepted this substantial help in meeting its domestic responsibilities, should jeopardize its financial and moral balance-sheet by some fresh outburst of military expenditure.

IS this the last phase of the migration? It is too soon to say. Miss Chater, who writes on p. 402 of the great migration as a human thing—more poignant by far when one sees it family by family than it could have been when diplomats talked census figures—found plenty of evidence that both Greeks and Turks were reluctant to give up their homes for a theoretical homeland. They may drift back in both directions. One cannot quite conceive of any treaty strong enough to undo the racial habits that began to be formed in the days of Marathon and Salamis.

Eventually, those who stay in Greece and are added to the normally productive workers should make themselves felt in the prosperity of the country. But it will take a long time; houses cannot be put up, nor fields drained and plowed, nor supplies made available, without long persistent effort. In the meantime the refugees are still unable to help themselves. The Commission is specifically debarred from giving any charitable or merely temporary relief. New batches of repatriates are being received week by week; they must all be cared for somehow in the interim between their arrival and the methodical completion of the reconstruction program. It is perhaps not enough for American investors to loan their money at 8 per cent to build little houses in Macedonia. There is need for giving too.

NOTHING more appropriate could have happened in connection with the World Federation of Educational Associations' peace contest than that which did happen, namely, that the prize was won by Dr. David Starr Jordan, chancellor emeritus of Stanford University, and one of America's foremost leaders in the movement to abolish wars from the face of the earth. Dr. Jordan's plan is, both by the terms of the contest and by his own predilections, an educational program. The short and the long of it is that the world can be saved from war only by educating the peoples of the earth to other moods and to other practices. "Any specific procedure can be at best only a step toward the development of enlightened public opinion and cooperation in effecting mutual understanding among peoples." For this purpose, the plan suggests the following lines of "hopeful activity":

> The formation of a general World Committee on Education for Peace, to function in connection with the several educational groups in the different nations, and a second International Committee to cooperate with many already established organizations for peace in all parts of the world.
>
> A committee to investigate the present teaching of history the world over, reporting also on textbooks used, their virtues and their delinquencies from the standpoint of international amity.
>
> A committee on the teaching of patriotism.
>
> A committee to consider special plans of promoting mutual international understanding.
>
> A committee to consider the possibilities of better relations through the international use of athletic sports.
>
> A committee to consider the possibility of a continuous effort to commit the visible influence of the Government of the United States to definite activity in behalf of peace by means of a Bureau of Conciliation in the Department of State, or a Peace Council connected with the same department.
>
> A committee to consider without prejudice the question of military training in school and college, its possible advantages to the individual and the Nation, with the alleged accompanying drawbacks and dangers.
>
> A committee to consider 'preparedness' in regard to the educational, economic and social aspects.
>
> A committee to study The Hague Court of Arbitration, also the present Permanent Court of International Justice and the relation of these two activities to world education.
>
> A committee to consider the League of Nations and the problems involved in our acceptance or adhesion to that organization, with special reference to its bearings on international education.

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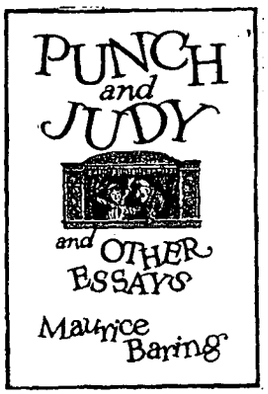
Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

Confetti from Parnassus



Doubleday, Page & Co.

LOVELY as the autumn leaves at Valambrosa do the book jackets strew our desk, luscious in color, intriguing in design, sometimes stern in the austerity of unadorned type. We have had a riotous time playing amongst them and we congratulate the American publishers on this *largesse* of decoration they give with their books. We don't want to be a book-reviewer anymore . . . we want to be a book jacket reviewer! Here are some, though our sober blacks and whites can never do justice to this confetti from Parnassus.

We collected these jackets with two ideas; one, that perhaps the books in the social service fields could imitate these vivid city cousins, and dress to gain more readers and carry their messages against such colorful competition; and two, that we could pass on from the book jackets a hint or two on pictorial publicity.

THE jacket is the Cinderella of book-making. Its humble duty was to protect the book from getting dusty or shop-worn. It was a plain wrapper like the one of butcher's paper Mother use to fold around the 'Rithmetic, or those nobler ones of neatly-figured calico (water-proof oilcloth, for boys) she sewed on the Jography with long criss-cross stitches. (And why are not some of those striped and checkered calicoes reproduced for native designed jackets today?) Book jackets were homecraft products; in utility always is the birth of art.

No effort was made to produce attractive effects. Frequently there was not even type-matter on the wrapper. To introduce this was the first step in making the jacket a help in selling. Improvement in appearance came about because of the keen competition of books on tables and counters, and the habit of buyers of going to a shop to make a selection from what they found there rather than with a definite title in view. At present the design of the wrapper is given the most careful attention by the editorial, manufacturing, and publicity departments in a publishing house. In many cases highly paid type experts and illustrators or poster artists are called in. (Harper's)

Cinderella married a prince, you see—the Publicity Department! His wand changed her wrapper into a "jacket," and he gives her such silks and satins and cloths of gold that we will soon have to put back the old paper cover to protect these beautiful jackets from dust and finger-prints. Many of them are worth such protection.

The jacket is also a "poster or display piece" to catch the wandering attention of a casual book buyer and bring to his eyes as quickly as possible the title and the author. They are of three sorts.

Book jackets are of three sorts:

The illustrative jacket is designed to catch the eye, to appeal to the imagination, and in some way tell the story; the decorative design attempts to catch the eye and appeal to the imagination; the type jacket purposes simply to set forth a brief resumé of the contents of the book. (Knopf)

Pictorial wrappers in most cases have but one idea. They present a striking picture, an exaggeration of some familiar or exciting scene in the book, or some symbol of the book's message, and the picture and the title tell the whole story of what the book is about. Perhaps the picture is helped by a small caption leading the interest on into the story. The best pictorial wrappers are those which most strikingly and forcefully draw the reader's attention to the book. (Doubleday-Page)

We reproduce some pictorial packets on this page. They are perhaps not very useful for serious books, yet we believe lots of social books would gain readers by picturing the drama so many of them do contain. Note that Robert Lowie's Primitive Religion is a serious book, yet the jacket is pictorially interesting, symbolizes the content and remains dignified. There is drama and spiritual beauty in every real social book; many of them are lovely visions of the future—why shouldn't these be pictured on the covers? Education, child study, recreation suggest fields in which such jackets would be helpful, and even reinforce the message of the text. The rewards in wider audiences might be worth the price. At present the author of a book on Adolescence would feel himself a victim of sensationalism were he to find a stirring love scene on his book jacket, however much that scene deserved to be both text and moral of his work.

The Macmillan Co.

The publishers declare, however, that the trend is away from the four-color process printed picture jacket, with its conventional "action" scene between hero and heroine, even for the 'thud and blunder' tale, or the popular love story.

The difficulty with these jackets is that

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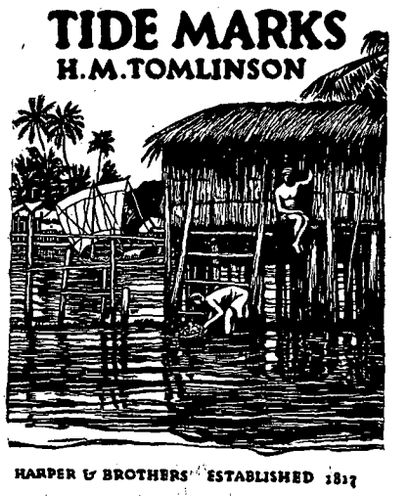
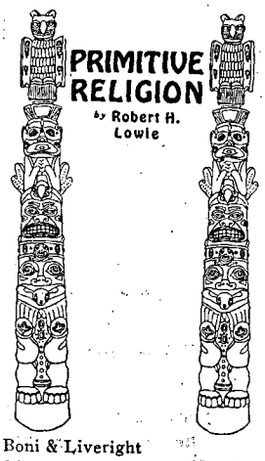


A reflection of the type and quality of the contents of the book. This is to help identify the book quickly to a prospective purchaser, and to attract to it the attention of people interested in the subject which it discusses. (*Harper's*)

given a row of twenty books in a bookshop, displayed face outwards, those books which display illustrations in four colors cannot be differentiated one from the other at a distance of over ten feet. (Brentano)



Boni & Liveright

In Borzoi Books the tendency has been in the direction of a combination of decorative design and type jacket. Type is used in such a way as to render the jacket decorative and all this is enhanced by the brightly colored papers. . . . When an illustrative jacket is used the decorative art is not forgotten so that Borzoi jackets are seldom purely pictorial. The old-fashioned action jacket has been practically abandoned by Alfred A. Knopf, and this new and more artistic form has taken its place.

The picture is too easy to do, and meets strong competition. Moreover, it does not express the individuality of the publisher, or the spiritual essence of the book.

Most serious books have type jackets, and it is upon type with the judicious use of decoration that we must generally depend. The purpose of this jacket is thus stated:

> The type wrapper is essentially a type poster. It plays up the title and in catching phrases, tells what the book is about and why it should interest the reader. The type selection should also express the spirit of the book. That is, in the case of a book of poems, easy flowing swash type, and a neat design is wanted; in biography, dignity and restraint; in a sensational book, bold face and glaring headline effects. Sometimes maps and sketches help to portray graphically the story and often designs are used to express some part of the spirit of the book.

What is meant can be learned from the beauty of the type and design cover for Pipers and a Dancer, and from the fantastic lettering of Punch and Judy, both reproduced herewith. We fear that these covers enjoyed much greater artistic pains-taking than the average volume on criminology or mental health issued by the same publishers. Yet, study reveals a deal of good type design on the covers of the social service book as in Society and Its Surplus. The defects are a certain barrenness—one or two words thrown in the face; a certain obvious stodgy utilitarianism; a dependence upon pure intellectual appeal, rather than on any combination of emotion and beauty; and an overanxious use of many words to tell the importance and contents of the book so the reader will go inside. The jackets look poverty-struck, or else messily verbose.

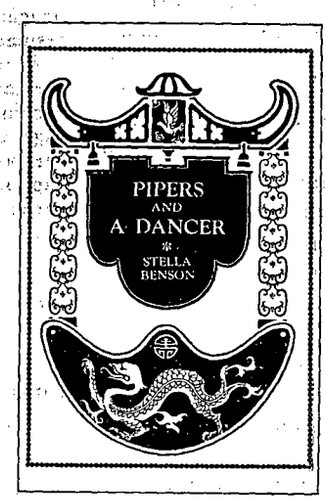
Some publishers use a fixed style of jacket on their serious books.

The Macmillan Company's "standard jacket" in yellow, with brown lettering and the Macmillan monogram, is now so well known as to have real advertising value. So far as we know, this idea of a uniform jacket which can everywhere be recognized as the wrapping of a Macmillan book is original with us. In the case of serious books (on history, economics, science) this jacket carries only a brief note descriptive of the field and aim of the book. With novels we try to give on the jacket some idea of the subject of the story, and the way the author has treated it, leaving the purchaser to supply his own laudatory adjectives after he has read it.

Doesn't this "standard yellow jacket" sacrifice variety, and the vigorous appeal of individuality? We get the Macmillan guarantee rather than a thrill of discovery; we depend upon a trade-mark rather than an autograph. We rather feel a book deserves its own clothes.

The future of the book jacket? It's rather like asking the future of an explosion. But the book jacket is here to stay. It is already excellently done, and getting better. In England several printers' annuals reproduce every year the best book jackets along with the best posters and the best examples of lithography that have come to the printing shops. You may have seen the book exhibition at the National Arts Club in New York last November in which acres of book jackets disported themselves, and were admired as gracious additions to the decoration of living.

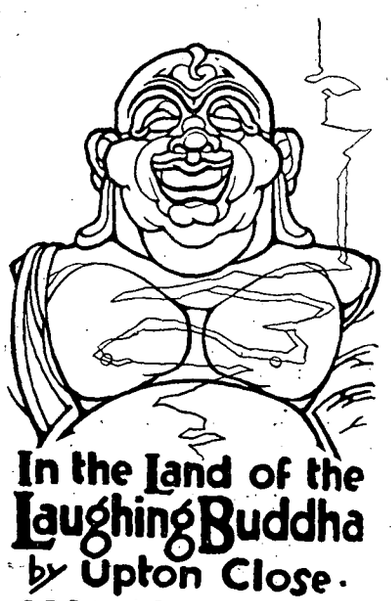
The publishers are hopeful—as publishers have to be.



The Macmillan Co.

The poster jacket done simply in two colors, with perhaps the jacket paper as a third color, has a strong news-stand value. Of course, the impressionistic trend of modern art has made this sort of book jacket possible. Designs which five or ten years ago would have looked strange to the casual book-buyer are now accepted by him as strong sales arguments—rather out of the ordinary,

The greatest room for improvement lies in the art work and this is a matter for the artists to take in hand. Under the stimulus of the recent Russian and German immigrants, artists have been stirred to a little better originality. When we fully "cash in" upon this new attitude we may reach the golden age in jacket designing. (*Boni and Liveright*)



G. P. Putnam's Sons

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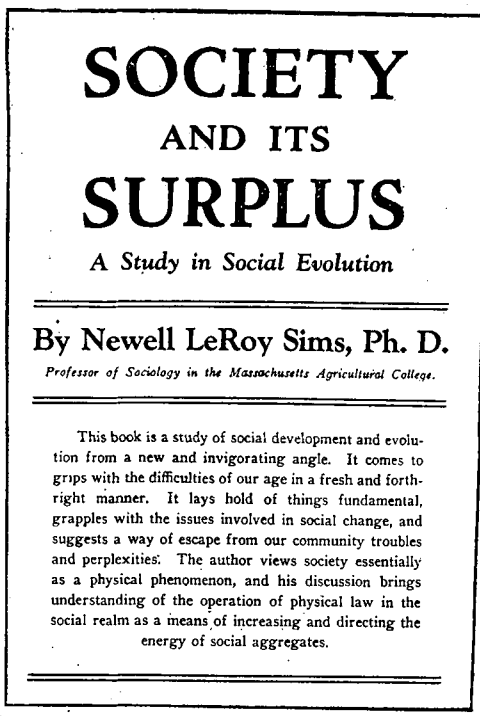

SOCIETY
AND ITS
SURPLUS
A Study in Social Evolution
By Newell LeRoy Sims, Ph. D.
Professor of Sociology in the Massachusetts Agricultural College.
This book is a study of social development and evolution from a new and invigorating angle. It comes to grips with the difficulties of our age in a fresh and forthright manner. It lays hold of things fundamental, grapples with the issues involved in social change, and suggests a way of escape from our community troubles and perplexities. The author views society essentially as a physical phenomenon, and his discussion brings understanding of the operation of physical law in the social realm as a means of increasing and directing the energy of social aggregates.

D. Appleton & Co.

The plain but dynamic type cover

but not at all grotesque. Artists seem to have grasped the idea very readily and we know now at least fifty excellent designers of jackets. Improvement lies with the art director. It is a matter of taste, followed up by extreme care in choosing of colored inks. We do not look for any revolutionary change in book jackets for several years to come. (Brentano)

Boni & Liveright who do multiform and striking jackets believe the jackets will help in a saner attitude toward commercial art: Here is an odd slant on the future:

There is too much dignity in most book wrappers. Design and balance are maintained to the detriment of force. Most wrappers could be made a little less conventional and neat and gain on the side of effectiveness. A poster must be unusual and striking to be successful. . . . Books on the whole should flare at the public more, present themselves with as great a force as do a thousand and one other articles which are at best innately less humanly apealing, less interesting, but more interestingly presented. (Doubleday-Page)

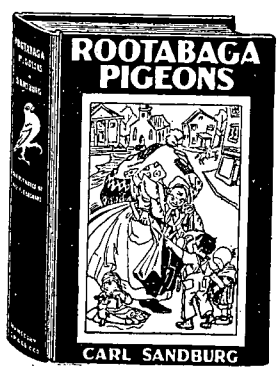
Books are not "articles"—wares to be sold in competition with cigarettes and corsets by "jazzing them up." Books are spiritual achievements, and to exploit them is often to ruin them.

There is a limit to the "unusual." Pursue it too far and you verge on the decadent. Wasn't it some French monarch, seeking the unusual, who had his books bound in the skins of slaves—for the lovely texture and tone? It might be a trifle dangerous to have a small torpedo concealed in the book jacket to explode when the book is opened, but it would attract the attention of the most casual book-buyer. Or colored flares might burn momently—purple, say, for books of passion, or red for studies in crime. We have only scratched the surface of book jackets.

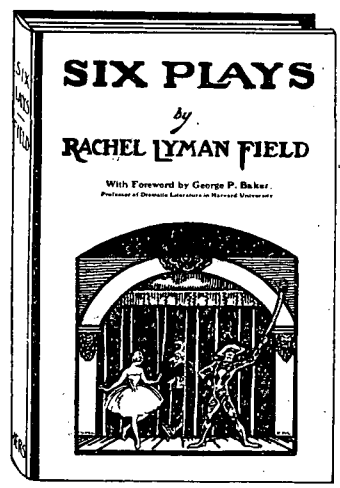
Seriously, the book jacket is limited by good morals. It may attract and symbolize, but it must not deceive. The artist on the outside must not promise more than the artist on the inside can give. The disappointed reader will revenge himself on the author himself. Finally, you can't establish a poor book by an artful cover; and you need no poster bally-hoo to draw the reader who can profit to the book that can serve. Ultimately, good books like good wine, need no bush. The most effective book-cover in history had only the two words Holy Bible printed on a plain black binding. Nor do we think this book will be supplanted by its modern versions, regardless of what miracle of type and design may be lavished on their jackets.

To sum up, the new jackets add charm and beauty to books. We believe many serious volumes could borrow of this charm and beauty to interest more readers, and widen their popular appeal. Serious books on society need not look dull, but they must remain honest. Study of their present covers has rather encouraged us to believe that sincere typography and design is already doing much, and will do more.

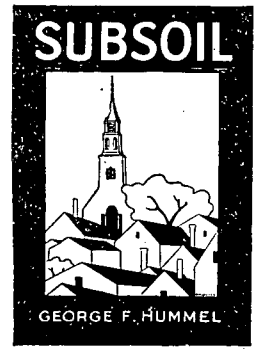
The Atlantic Monthly Press, Inc.



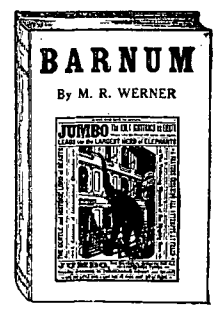
Harcourt, Brace & Co.



Charles Scribner's Sons



Boni & Liveright



Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Two Plays by O'Neill

I HAVE been to see two plays by Eugene O'Neill now running in New York. S. S. Glencairn, at the Provincetown Playhouse, presents four of his early short studies of sea faring men, including The Moon of the Caribees and Bound East for Cardiff. The crew of the Glencairn is the hero, and there is much of the color and lure of the sea, much of seaman psychology, and a background of fo'castle living conditions—the last of extreme interest to students of social progress. Almost round the corner, at the Greenwich Village Theatre, is presented his latest full length drama—Desire Under the Elms—a spectrum analysis of New England passions in the year 1850.

O'Neill is not, of course, a reformer with a prescription for social ills. He is a dramatist, not an uplifter, and has the righteous creed of the dramatist that he must uphold life, not a thesis. His plays present problems, but are not problem plays; he depicts significant social or regional backgrounds, but not as a sociologist; he is pictorial, but never the entrepreneur of sirupy municipal pageants or panoramic history.

His realism, moreover, is symbolic realism, not real realism. O'Neill is obviously not a realist, but a romantic.

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Romance shows in his love for the theatrical, his pleasure in the matter and manner of the stage.

He is visionary, too. His heart holds that there is something of dream and passion in life, something of the Fallen Angel, exiled from Paradise. He finds this passion of life not only in the jungle with Emperor Jones, but even in a brothel or sanatorium, and now in the suppressed desires under an elm that persists in resembling a banana tree.

Thus he provides the drama of escape, granting a vicarious thrill to the city-bound lashed to their machines, with the religious emotions all crushed out of them, yet uneasy still from a sort of vestigial primitiveness that survives in the animal man who has to beat Nature—and maybe will.

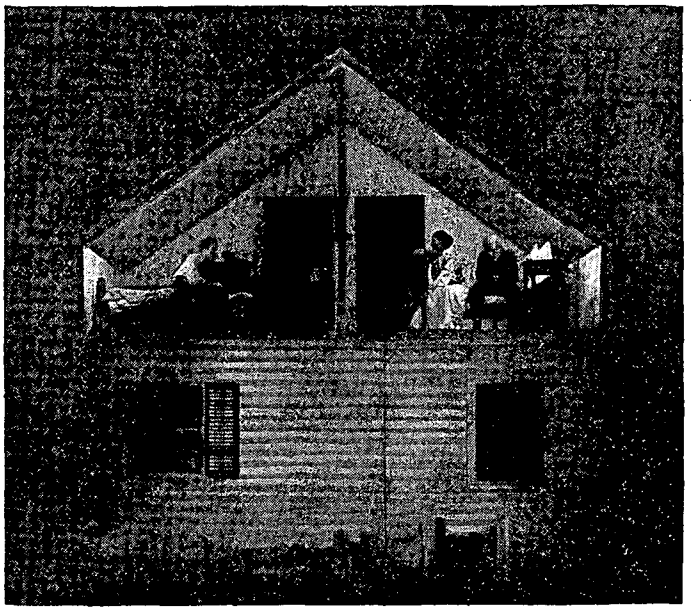
But both O'Neill and his escape-desirous audience are unfortunate—they have modern souls, and cannot cheat themselves with mere fairy tales. No, romance must be here and now. O'Neill the romanticist becomes O'Neill the realist. He does not seek buried gold, but buried romance.

In Desire Under the Elms you can hear him arguing to himself: "If I can find it here, I have proved my case. They lived like stones among stones (why didn't he call it Desire Among the Stones?) yet we moderns know they were full of suppressed desires. If I can flay them before the audience we will find their uncovered hearts to be seething cauldrons of red lusts, purple passion, lechery, murder, and blind wrath, color on color—grand romance, and lovely theatre in the contrast between this grey paintless house and the ascetic pretense of these clod-hopper surfaces with the broth of passion in their breasts."

Even expressionism cannot flay people on the stage so O'Neill flayed the house. The gable elevation is cut into four quarters from which the clapboards can be removed until we can see in turn into the kitchen, the parlor and two attic bed-rooms separated by a thin wall. It is a Greek-like device of extreme ingenuity though easily suggestive of Le Sage's unroofed town in The Devil on Two Sticks. It fails, not of itself, but for what it fails to reveal underneath. For I confess I think Desire Under the Elms is a failure, though better worth while so than many of our successes.

It opens like a "by heck" melodrama (there is even a purse of gold under the loose board) with two hay-seed comedians going off to Californ-eye-a, after getting drunk and slap-sticking their father, old man Cabot, all over the stage. Next it speeds up into a bed-room farce wherein the 76-year-old Father sits besides his new wife, Abbie, in her nightgown on the bed, and maunders about how his Number One and Number Two did not understand him, and how he wants another baby. Disclosed in the next room is Eben Cabot, son of Number Two, writhing on his bed with some compound of emotion between love and loathing for this provocative successor of his own Mother. Number Three vamps young Eben on the parlor sofa, having lighted up the room for the first time since his mother lay there in her coffin. Then we have a rural cabaret to celebrate the birth of the baby, with old Cabot doing a specialty dance number to prove he is still vigorous enough to be a father though everybody else knows the child is Eben's doing. Here comes something remarkably like a fragment of Greek tragedy when young Eben is persuaded that Abbie, the wife, has tricked him into helping her get a baby so that this son will oust him and inherit the farm. Abbie smothers the child in its cradle in the room upstairs, and there arrives a clumsy Nemesis of a sheriff, and we end on the "by heck" note.

The audience the night I saw this medley burst into spontaneous applause for the dance number just as they would have done at the Palace vaudeville, and with more vigor than for anything else in the play. This boneheadedness of an O'Neill audience about when to laugh or applaud is not pure Philistinism. It results from O'Neill's headstrong faith in his ability to symbolize and project values that can't be symbolized and projected. At one uncertain moment we decided to begin this review: "If Mr. O'Neill isn't spoofing us, he ought to be," and for safety's sake we put it in now in case these bright youths of the Village some day e-veal it was all a faked-up attack on the Puritan Complex.



Scene from Desire Under the Elms

But this is unfair, for the intent is fine and honest—yet the way of the symbolist is hard. Now, O'Neill's surfaces are harsh and ugly, but beneath he searches for passion and beauty, and so he has to use symbols. He hates (and how lovely is this hatred in an artist!) to label emotions, and to prove spiritual essences by mathematics and syllogism. His silver bullets, "the old Davil sea," his Hairy Apes and stoke-holds, the polyglot names of the Glencairn crew—Scotty and Yank and Cocky—even his drunkenness and lechery, all are signs and tokens—signs and tokens of something wonderful and beautiful behind the bleary imbecilic face of life.

But crossing the abyss between realism and romance on a bridge of symbolism is a teetering business. In the theatre it demands the superlative acting and direction that Mr. O'Neill doesn't always get. We can never be sure what O'Neill suffers from the actor. One wise woman says we can't do justice to Desire until we read it—which we can do soon in the complete edition of the O'Neill plays offered by Boni and Liveright. Mary Morris, as Abbie, achieved a good deal of the symbolic—the exotic, destructive, female love thing, but she was never a New England woman. We suspect most people agree that The Long Journey Home was the best sector of Glencairn—not because it is better drama than In the Zone, but because Walter Abel gave such a grand simple character in Olson that he just lifted the whole incident up where it belonged.

O'Neill is trying hard things, and if he fails at moments it is because of his bitter honesty in refusing to be merely photographic, or indolently sentimental. He seeks almost as a blind man, for the marriage of reality and dreams which is the spirit.

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A PLAYHOUSE OF WIDE INTERESTS

(*Continued from page* 398)

Our experimental theatres have now followed this lead. The Theatre Guild and The Provincetown Playhouse, through their subscription audiences, are underwritten so that they can produce each season a fixed number of plays, some of which may not be commercially successful but which have experimental value.

Following late in their footsteps, The Neighborhood Playhouse is seeking to create a larger subscription audience of its own, ready to accept the fact that variety is the spice of the theatre no less than of life. While it offers its subscribers special material advantages, it is more deeply interested in gaining larger audiences to share in the pursuit of its artistic and social ideals, to lend responsive sympathy to its endeavors, and to work towards that community understanding of life and the arts that marks off the civilized societies of the world from nations of barbarians, boors and Babbitts.

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IT WOULD be blind to fail to recognize that the road of an art theatre, growing out of a social centre and a neighborhood theatre, and aiming to be a well-spring of life and of artistic inspiration far beyond the purlieus of Grand Street, has been and is beset with material difficulties not faced by the ordinary theatre. Its location, a bit time-consuming for audiences from up town, is in a neighborhood whose people shift and fluctuate as they rise in the economic scale, so that there is little permanence. The creation of a permanent company, recruited from the dancing and acting classes, is impeded by the fact that the commercial theatre, with its facile standards and quicker cuts to recognition, wins away those not dedicated to higher artistic claims. The low price of seats, due to the fact that the directing group steadfastly practises the theory that freedom can be maintained only if an art theatre is not wholly dependent on the box office, is another handicap. Tax free as an educational and social institution, the Playhouse requires an enormous endowment to cover overhead costs and a share of the administrative expenditure.

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among the destitute, when they say that this is true. They have made a tiny beginning in the last 25 years to turn sympathy toward tragic cases of this dragon-like disease, and now are trying to accumulate money enough **to build a large fireproof Country Home** in Westchester County for **100 patients, of all creeds,** who are in the hands of despair. These sister-nurses have made a good start in their fireproof construction, in a limited Annex House to be connected with the future great Home, and they still have about $130,000.00. But they need $300,000.00 more to complete a fine, sensble hospice on their splendid hill property at Hawthorne, New York, thirty miles from the Grand Central Station. The sick men and women pay nothing, for they have nothing. None are accepted who could pay.

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like anti-toxins, preserve the life of the theatre. They will flourish as long as the theatre lives. So this little theatre, a fountain of beauty and of artistic inspiration in one strident, materialistic community, believes that it can still capture glamor and color and laughter from life and in a harsh, ugly environment bring about a new interpretation of life.

THE GREAT MIGRATION

(*Continued from page* 404)

"Alcibiades," said one little Turk.

"Herakles," said the other.

Out of the hundreds of Greek refugees whom we knew, all spoke with affection of Turkey and their Moslem friends. "Mine country," George called Brusa. His is a typical history. The owner of an olive grove of twelve hundred trees and a house of nine rooms which his father built in the lovely river valley of Brusa, he fled from conscription in the Turkish army in 1916; returned to his home the year after the Armistice only to escape with his old mother and his two sisters on ten minutes notice when the Turks took Smyrna. "I just have ten minutes to get her into a boat," he said pointing to the old woman, "I take her up in my arms, so!" They had reached Salonika with only the clothing that they wore and were living last summer like every 'better class' refugee family that we knew, in one room: and like every other family they had had to take in relatives who would otherwise have slept on the street. George was now our coachman.

"But, ten years, maybe less, we all go back," he added.

We needed to buy mattresses. "I take you to men from mine country," said the Greek from Brusa, and we stopped before a little open shop in which three grave Turks were sewing. We said that the prices seemed high. George lost patience. "These mens not Greek! These mens not Jew! These mens, Turkish—honest!" From the Greek who had been the wisest Governor General of Macedonia, to the man who drove us every day, we heard no other opinion of the ordinary Turk; of the Turkish government, as of many governments, we heard bad things.

And what is America doing? But for Save the Children, thousands and thousands of people would have starved to death. But for the advance made through the League of Nations from England, the Refugee Settlement Commission directed by Henry Morenthau, would not have had so far money to begin a single new village or to buy even plows. The Greeks are working for their lives, winning sincere respect and admiration from all foreigners who work with them. The refugees must be put quickly upon the land or the people will perish. There is a famine of seed. Much land cannot be used till it is drained or the farmers will die of fever. The United States Government never concluded the sorely needed Greek loan which was being negotiated when the war began. This opportunity for American generosity is past. The American Red Cross withdrew from Greece. The two oranizations on the field, the brave little Village Cooperative Society in Macedonia and the splendid Near East Relief are, for any real alleviation of the tragedy, powerless through lack of funds. In the presence of this agony of nations the people of the United States seem still content to be observers.

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was in force. The springs of local initiative were not dried up. There was no cessation of state regulation. On the contrary the state enforcement agents testified to the benefits they received from federal cooperation and they were enthusiastically enlisted in the ranks of those who persuaded Congress to approve the amendment. Moreover, neither the first federal law nor the various state acts have in any way deterred local educational authorities from developing the public school system. Experience has plainly showed that national protection and state action are complementary and not mutually exclusive.

These intellectual arguments are, to judge by Massachusetts' experience, a relatively minor current in a powerful stream of public feeling. The conclusive factor was the wide-spread dictum that the proposed Twentieth Amendment "if ratified, will establish for all time federal bureaucratic control over all activities of all youth under eighteen in place of existing parental and local control." This, said Charles R. Gow, "is the most dangerous assault upon our institutions ever publicly proposed. Nationalization of youth is the keystone of the Red program—a challenge to every thinking American." Mr. Gow's letter appealing for funds with which to oppose the child labor amendment began with a quotation—from supposedly communist writings: "We must remove the children from the pernicious influence of the family." Massachusetts was asked to vote against the nationalization of children, and Massachusetts so voted.

The issue was further complicated by the appeal of Cardinal O'Connell, who apparently was successful in aligning the Catholic clergy against the child labor amendment. This was a curious and unexpected development. Father John A. Ryan, the eminent social worker, published in the Catholic World of November a powerful argument in favor of the adoption of the Twentieth Amendment in the course of which he quoted the following sentences from Pope Leo's encyclical on the condition of labor:

> In regard to children great care should be taken not to place them in workshops and factories until their bodies and minds are sufficiently mature. For just as rough weather destroys the buds of spring so too early an experience of life's hard work blights the young promise of a child's powers and makes any real education impossible.

Such a pronouncement from the highest ecclesiastical authority ought to make the injection of the religious issue in the child labor question impossible. In general Catholics have divided over the amendment just as have the members of other churches and those without distinct religious affiliations. War propaganda, not religion nor states' rights, was the truly confusing factor.

Louis A. Coolidge, chairman of the Sentinels of the Republic and treasurer of the United States Shoe Machinery Company, was credited with a large share of the responsibility for the result in Massachusetts. Speaking before the Boston Boot and Shoe Club Mr. Coolidge said that the age of eighteen years was fixed in the amendment "by groups actuated by communistic and bolshevistic interests in Moscow, groups whose primary purpose was to nationalize the youth of the United States and place in the hands

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of Congress the absolute power to say what every boy and girl under eighteen years of age can or cannot do."

Congressman A. Piatt Andrew thus described the advocates of the child labor amendment in a speech in Boston on October 8:

They are for the most part pacifists and internationalists. They regret our generous and glorious part in the World War. They would do away with the army and navy and means of national defense. They would do away with the Supreme Court. They would do away with the Constitution. They would have the Federal Government take over all of the functions of the states and local governments. They would centralize everything in Washington with federal laws, federal bureaus and federal police, controlling every activity of our lives. They would establish in Washington a modern form of an ancient tyranny, no less obnoxious here than in Russia because it bears the label of democracy. It is from this point of view that I invite your attention to the Twentieth Amendment.

It was from that fantastic point of view that the entire Massachusetts campaign was keyed. The communist foe seemed to be marching on Boston and disturbed citizens of that ancient commonwealth arose to defend their homes and their altars from the "bear that walks like a man." Nothing like it has been seen since a hundred years and more ago the terror of the French Revolution blinded Englishmen to the realities of their own social and political problems. The red herring of Russian propaganda failed to move hard-headed politicians such as President Coolidge and the late Senator Lodge, but it deceived its thousands and its ten thousands in twentieth century Massachusetts—which can't understand why its forebears in Salem were afraid of witches! Yet ancient Salem dreamed nothing more remote from reality than did those who accepted at its face value the false and misleading doctrine that the protection of American children from injurious industrial processes is a step toward the "nationalization of youth."

HEALTH TO THE CROSSROADS

(*Continued from page* 390)

less, interested but wriggling children, and weigh and measure and look down throats and take records; and eventually to correlate all those records at headquarters with the comforting realization that practically every child from every little hamlet or isolated farm has been through this uniform process. As a result you know those whom you must follow up at once; and then, that done, there are the alarming list of 2 X and 3 X tonsils, the first of which need careful watching, the second immediate operation, to lure one on to thoughts of district tonsil clinics, and other similar devices which may come in time to wipe out the general burden of preventable and remediable physical defects which are weighing down childhood in Cattaraugus County.

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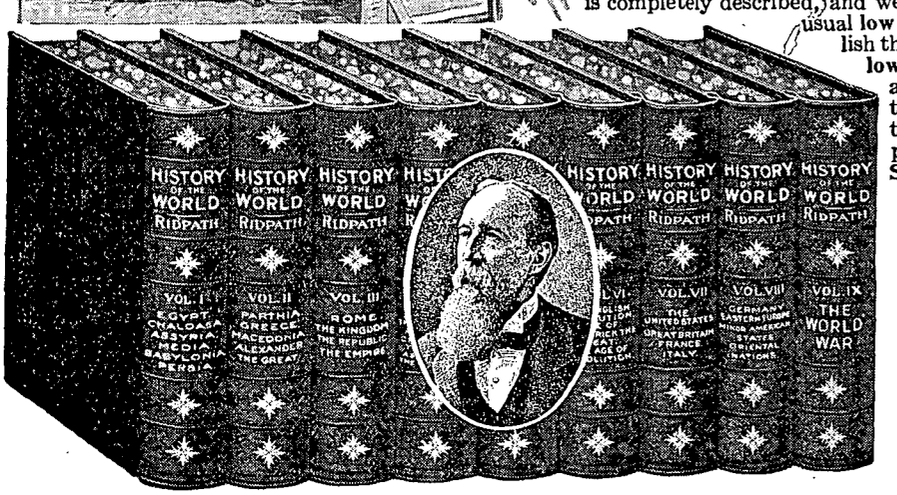
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Venice, June 24th: Beneath my window in Florence lay the Arno and beyond it, from the grim old fortress on the right, the crumbling walls of Michael Angelo's across the green hills, past the tower of Galileo tall against the clear sky, past the frowning splendor of San Miniato, down to the gaunt arches of the Porta San Niccolo, and so back again to the Arno, the Arno that I loved. About the river are clustered my memories of Florence; its beautiful churches with their treasures of art; its wonderful galleries; its magnificent buildings; Giotto's Tower and the Battistero; the quaint shops of the Ponte Vecchio and the lovely arches of that most perfect bridge, Ponte Santa Trinita.

It was a full week and a happy one. We drove to Fiesole on its hills to the North, with the Valley of the Arno spread at its feet; and to Certosa to the South. The scent of lavender will always recall to me, I am sure, the fragrant sunny cloister of that old Carthusian monastery and the bees droning sleepily among the purple blossoms.

The ride over the Apennines to Bologna was another memorable one and Bologna itself with its arcaded streets, most interesting.

And now we are in Venice; We left the automobiles at Mestre, just outside, and came in by boat. Last night we drifted over dark waters spangled with the gleams of hundreds of fairy lanterns like the one hung at the black prow of our own gondola and listened dreamily to the music floating across the waters. Fairyland it was and all the other princes and princesses were floating happily in their gondolas too and they also were enchanted and even though we would awaken from the dream all too soon, still we would never forget.

Tomorrow we got out to the Lido and I shall have a dip in the Adriatic. Then we pick up our autos again at Mestre and are off to Verona. *To be Continued*

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of a neighbor sick in the next house. And this is what she may find.

A shack, roughly thrown together, with five small cluttered rooms, and in it a family of eleven. The mother who weighed hardly seventy pounds, was tired and frail; the father, much worn by unremitting hard work and exposure. There were two grown sons who helped the father, three children who were in school, and one too young to go. A married daughter, weak after an operation, had just come back to the family's care. The older daughter, a widow, with a tiny two-year old son, was the patient.

She lay in the close little bedroom beyond the cluttered living quarters. Even in the half light that fell through its one window it did not take a practised eye to diagnose her illness. Those flushed cheeks made a thermometer unnecessary; her painful gasping breaths could be heard across the room. No doctor had seen her; and the family, knowing no precautions to protect the others, had taken none.

The nurse telephoned at once for the tuberculosis specialist. The diagnosis was unmistakable; the urgent problem to get the patient to the sanatorium at once, for the sake of the ten others in that shack. Her chances were slight.

The woman was too ill to be transported by automobile, but fortunately the inter-urban electric car followed the valley stream that passed the house. The nurse came at eleven the next morning with a folding cot, only to find that there would not be a car until one which connected with the cars going to the sanatorium. In her haste to see that shack cleaned and disinfected, every hour counted. Just then a shrill whistle announced the freight trolley. The motorman stopped at her frantic signals, as she reached the station platform just before he did. In hardly more than the time it took to tell the story, the car crew were carrying the cot out to the car, and patient and nurse, perched beside her on a soap-box, were taken through to the sanatorium.

That story happened so short a time ago that the sequel is yet to be concluded. Every member of that family, adults and children, are being passed through the clinic, to have that thorough general examination given to all patients, followed by such special tests, including x-ray, as are indicated. A position as waitress at the sanatorium has been found for the delicate sister; in this way she can be near the sick woman and herself is under constant observation. The little house has been scrubbed and scalded and set in order. There will be continued supervision of the whole family while any one of them shows a single suspicious symptom.

With the present expert diagnostician aided by the x-ray, with full time technician to operate the apparatus in the office, and with a portable outfit which can be taken to the homes of patients too ill to attend a clinic; with the opportunity for laboratory analyses, and for a sanatorium in which the most modern methods of treatment, such as heliotherapy are available, any inhabitant of Cattaraugus who is unfortunate enough to contract tuberculosis has every opportunity that science affords. The work is one which has been heartily appreciated by the county itself. Several weeks ago when the Board of Supervisors met to make its appropriations for 1925, they felt that they could not increase their share of the budget of the County Board of Health over the 1924 amount, $16,150. They did however vote $15,000 for new building operations at the county sanatorium, bringing the whole amount spent by Cattaraugus County for health to $125,000 or about $1.71 per capita of its 73,000 population.

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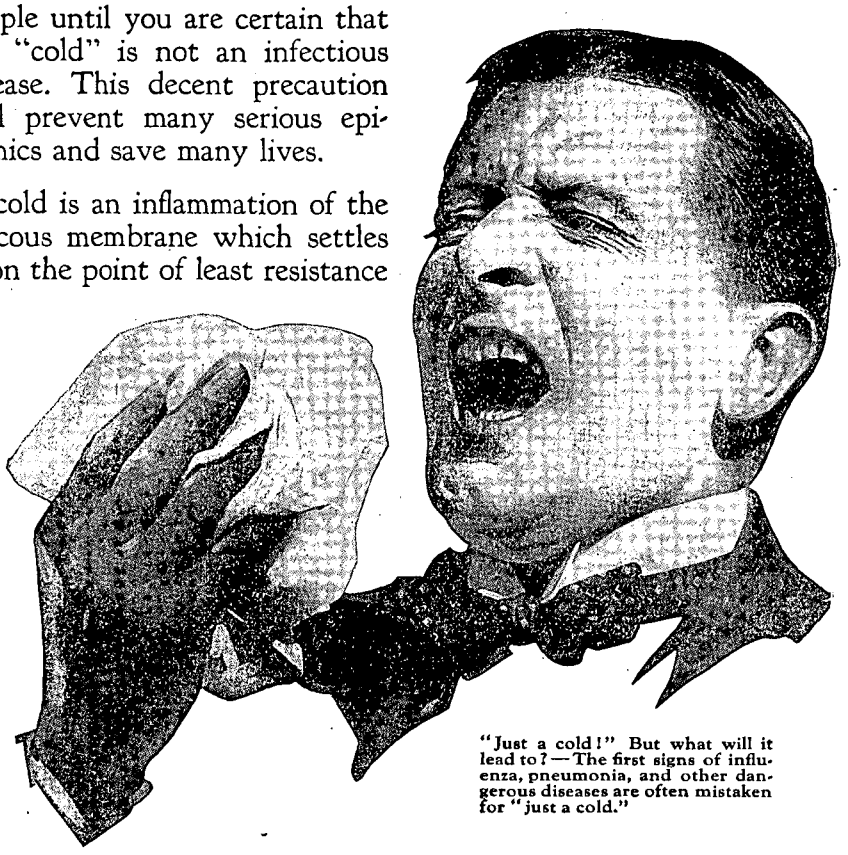
Fair Warning!

LOOK out for January colds! This is the time of year when colds are most prevalent. Seeds are now being sown for deaths from pneumonia that will occur in January, February and March. These diseases which blot out an average of 150,000 lives a year in the United States and Canada frequently develop from neglected colds. Out of every seven who get pneumonia one person dies. As many people die each year from pneumonia as from tuberculosis. Year after year the same thing happens.

Do not neglect a cold. A cold in the head is not a simple, trifling annoyance but a real disease with a medical name—coryza. In addition to the danger that pneumonia may develop, a cold often leads to chronic catarrh of the nasal passages, to ear trouble ending in deafness, to chronic bronchitis and inflammation of the bony cavities of the face. A neglected cold may even prepare the way for serious heart trouble.

The first noticeable symptoms of diphtheria, typhoid fever, measles, scarlatina, whooping cough or smallpox may appear as a cold. A person suffering from what seems to be an innocent cold may pass on to someone else a fatal attack of one of these diseases. If you or your children are suffering from colds stay away from other people until you are certain that the "cold" is not an infectious disease. This decent precaution will prevent many serious epidemics and save many lives.

A cold is an inflammation of the mucous membrane which settles upon the point of least resistance

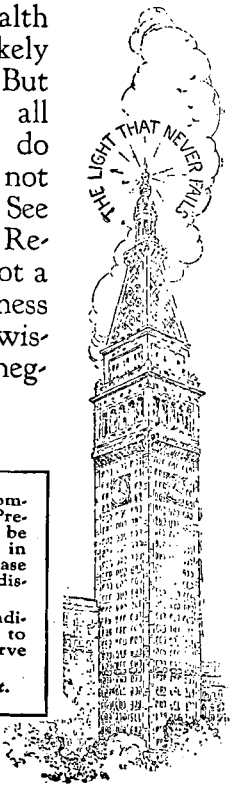


"Just a cold!" But what will it lead to?—The first signs of influenza, pneumonia, and other dangerous diseases are often mistaken for "just a cold."

—the nose, throat, chest, or gastro-intestinal tract. Sudden changes in temperature, drafts and exposure to damp and cold, breathing stale air and street dust—these are direct causes of colds.

Lack of fresh air and sufficient exercise to keep the skin and body healthy, lack of sleep and rest, over-indulgence in rich indigestible food — these are indirect causes of colds.

To take cold easily is to advertise that your living habits are wrong. By following simple health rules you are likely to keep well. But if in spite of all your care, you do take a cold—do not treat it lightly. See your doctor. Remember, it is not a sign of weakness but a mark of wisdom never to neglect a cold.



The amount of absenteeism in large business establishments is seldom realized until the facts are thoroughly reviewed. Common colds are among the chief sources of loss of time.

In a group of about 8,000 clerical employees of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company at the Home Office, records show that colds which involve disability for work affect 2 out of every 5 employees during the course of a year.

Among school children, colds are probably the cause of more absenteeism than any other illness—with consequent falling back in grades and extra expense to the tax payer.

Medical supervision of schools is becoming more thorough from year to year and is doing much to prevent serious epidemics and thus save lives. Parents should cooperate with school authorities in working to stamp out these minor illnesses which frequently have fatal consequences.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a pamphlet, "Prevention of Pneumonia" which will be mailed free to everyone interested in guarding against this dangerous disease which ranks second only to heart disease in the death rate. Send for it.

Permission is gladly given to any individual, organization or periodical to reprint this page wherever it may serve the interests of community welfare.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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Only those who realize the financial struggles of agricultural communities can realize how solid an appreciation lies behind that simple statement. On the basis of population alone, disregarding differing distribution of wealth, it is equivalent to a $1,200,000 sanatorium, a $10,000,000 community health budget in New York City. An annual per capita use of $1.71 is a considerably larger amount than the average expenditure (97.4 cents) of the departments of health of the 81 cities studied by the American Public Health Association for 1920. The year before the demonstration started—1922—Cattaraugus County spent $82,000 for its health work, of which $44,000 went for the tuberculosis hospital, $15,000 for local boards of health, $12,000 for school health service, and $11,000 for voluntary health agencies.

Purposely I have waited to the end to say something about that "generalized public health nursing service" which is the point at which the health demonstration enters into the homes and hearts of the people. There is almost nothing that a generalized public health nurse cannot—and does not—do. For rural purposes the gentle little Lady of the Lamp of nursing history has become a brisk Lady of the Ford. Each of the fifteen nurses attached to the Demonstration (there are eight others in various forms of public health work in the county supported by local official or voluntary health organizations and working in close and helpful cooperation with the project), has her own little closed car which snorts through all kinds of roads and weather to carry her on her way.

It is not an easy life. Each nurse reports at her office (at Olean headquarters or in one of the district stations) at nine to receive any calls that have come in and plan her day's itineraries, unless there is a school to be inspected, in which case she arrives at school with the scholars. Then there are calls all morning—a bedridden old lady to be made as comfortable as possible, a child with measles to be followed up to make sure that rules are obeyed, a new baby and his mother to be visited, an appointment to meet one of the doctors at a patient's house. Then lunch—on a distant call it may come out of a box and a thermos bottle—and more calls; or if it is clinic day at the health station, perhaps a trip to take in children who can go in no other way, and an afternoon helping the doctor with records and such like. And into all this must be sandwiched those voluminous records necessary in any scientific piece of health work, and doubly necessary in a demonstration, which is trying to work out technique and standards. For this experience will be put in usuable shape for other country districts which may be planning to do likewise. It is known, for example, that it costs $0.058 per mile to operate those Fords winter and summer.

You realize why past records show that ten mothers die in childbirth in Cattaraugus County to seven in New York or two in Italy or Norway, when you hear how two nurses in their Fords plunged through snowdrifts at midnight to attend a woman, who, except for them, would have been alone when her baby was born. You realize why the tuberculosis rate in Cattaraugus County has been practically stationary for ten years, when you hear how one nurse went to see a little sick Indian girl of seven, only to find that she was doomed to die of tuberculosis, and her nine year old sister was in a serious condition from it; following that up, the doctors and nurses went to the school which the two children had been attending a week before, and among the

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* Deceased.

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seven others found one positive and one suspected case of tuberculosis and one case of heart disease. You see why the deathrate of children under ten has remained practically stationary when you find toddlers in the midst of a dairy country, sitting down to a dinner of greasy fried potatoes and black coffee. All these things and more, the nurses are expected to ferret out, to bring to the attention of the family and the family physician.

For the clinics of the Demonstration are diagnostic clinics only; all the patients are referred back for treatment to their own family physicians, on whom the continued responsibility for their health must rest. The presence of the Demonstration means that the country doctor can have the benefit of expert judgment of specialists aided by the most modern equipment, if he asks for it. He can have the help of the public health nurses to follow up, to teach health in the home. He can be assured that the community at large is taking an interest in its general problems of milk and water and sanitation and education for health. With these aids he no longer suffers from some of the handicaps which have oppressed the most intelligent and progressive of the country practitioners, and have occasioned that drift of doctors toward the city, which is watched so apprehensively by those who are following the development of public health.

There are still dark spots in Cattaraugus County. There are stories, unfortunately true stories, of health and morality cast to the winds in isolated farmhouses in valleys where there is nothing to do but work and no one to care what one does. All this is part of almost any rural picture. When John Armstrong, the executive secretary of the Cattaraugus County Health and Tuberculosis Association, explaining why the Demonstration had a social worker attached to it, told some of those stories to a men's club in a neighboring town there was a murmur of incredulous horror. "But think a moment," said Mr. Armstrong, "and let any one of you who is sure that nothing of this kind is happening in his own county, raise a hand." No hand went up. The social service worker has had some of the unfortunate children of such families removed to institutions where they will be trained to use all of what little mind they have; criminal prosecutions have been brought to remove individuals who were a proven menace to the community. All this is part of a health demonstration.

The space of one article cannot include all the things done—such as the county survey of crippled children, who now are being followed up by the County Health Association to make sure that they receive the necessary treatment; much less will it include all the hopes ahead—a mental hygiene survey, with the establishment of the facilities which its findings indicate; the social hygiene program, to make available for the whole county such facilities as the city of Olean now offers to its own residents; an effective program for the hygiene of maternity, infancy, and the preschool age under a full-time chief of bureau and the like. The achievement of any part of a good job merely strengthens the craving to see the rest done. The Cattaraugus policy of staking out the whole field and then taking up claim by claim, the parts which can be worked thoroughly, is one which makes us look forward with impatience to the filling of the whole field—a glowing example of a county which actually is putting into effect all or at least a large part of what we know about health, lighting the way for those from coast to coast who want health and happiness for the country.

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WANTED: Married couple with qualifications for Cottage Father and Mother, small school for boys 35 miles from New York. One or both should be qualified for class room work. Only high grade persons desired. Apply by letter, or mornings in person. A. E. Wakeman, 72 Schermerhorn Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WANTED: Head Worker in New York Settlement. Address 5005 SURVEY.

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COOPERATIVE PLACEMENT SERVICE. Social workers, secretaries, superintendents, matrons, housekeepers, dietitians, cafeteria managers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes Street, Providence, R. I.

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